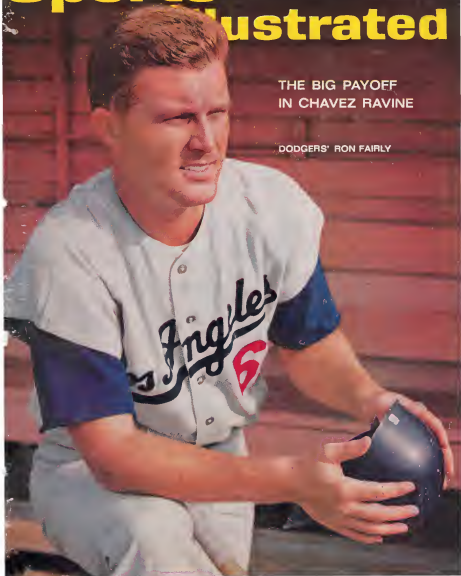


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Contents

SEPTEMBER 2, 1963 Volume 19, Number 10

Cover photograph by Russell Lee

- 8 **Dodgers in a Dogfight**
Scratching for runs, scrambling for each victory, the Los Angeles ballplayers are certain they will win the pennant
- 14 **A New Darting of the Galleries**
Anne Quast Wells won the Amateur, but everyone fell in love with a chubby kid golfer from Spokane
- 16 **Alone at the Top of the Mark**
Before a hometown crowd, Mianm John Pennel became the first man ever to pole-vault over 17 feet
- 18 **Is That You Up There, Johnny Blood?**
Gerald Holland explores the life and times of one of the legendary characters of professional football
- 26 **A New Sport: Captain-fishing**
Sport-fishing skippers are being tempted to jump from ship to ship with promises of money and even marriage
- 36 **Big Splash for Bath and Tennis**
A look at one of the best of the hundreds of new clubs that are satisfying suburbia's family demands
- 52 **Colorado Jackpot**
A trip along the Colorado River from Las Vegas to El Golfo, Mexico can be fun. It can also be exasperating

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 5 Scorecard | 61 For the Record |
| 42 Baseball | 62 Baseball's Week |
| 46 College Football | 63 19th Hole |
| 48 Horse Racing | |

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Acknowledgments on page 62

Next week

THE PRO FOOTBALL ISSUE explores the power and the problems of the NFL's 14 teams and the AFL's eight teams in a special 19-page Scouting Report section. Tex Maule picks the winners in the NFL and Tom Brody makes the AFL selections. Artist Bob Peak portrays the vivid color and brutal glory of the game in a nine-page portfolio of paintings, and Vince Lombardi, coach of the Green Bay Packers, reveals something about himself and how the Packers "Run to Daylight." In addition, all of the regular weekly news reports and features.

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POINT OF FACT

A U.S. Amateur golf quiz to stimulate the memory and test the knowledge of the casual fan and armchair expert

Who won the first U.S. Amateur?

One of America's golfing pioneers, Charles B. Macdonald of Chicago, took the first championship in 1895 at the nine-hole Newport (R.I.) Golf Club course. His son-in-law, H. J. Whigham, won the title the following two years.

Who has won the most championships?

Robert T. Jones Jr. leads with five. After six unsuccessful attempts, the first made in 1916 when he was 14, the Atlanta grifter took the 1924 championship. His other wins were in 1925, 1927, 1928 and 1930, the year of his Grand Slam. Jones was runner-up in 1919 and 1926.

Who was the oldest Amateur champion?

Jack Westland was 47 when he won the title in 1952. He had reached the finals 21 years before but had been defeated by Francis Ouimet.

Who was the youngest champion?

Robert A. Gardner won the 1909 championship when he was 19 years 5 months old. Jack Nicklaus was three months older when he first became champion in 1959. He won again in 1961.

What is the record number of holes played in an Amateur final?

A former caddy from East Rochester, N.Y., Sam Urzetta, had to play 39 holes in the 1950 final before subduing Frank Stranahan 1 up.

What is the greatest number of years that elapsed between a golfer's first and last win in the National Amateur?

Seventeen years. Francis Ouimet took his first Amateur in 1914 when he was 21. He won again in 1931.

What player has competed in the most Amateur championships?

Charles Evans Jr., champion in both 1916 and 1920, played in his 50th National Amateur in 1962. He was eliminated in the first round.

—PAT RYAN



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DETROIT 15

SCORECARD

RE: PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

Big-time college football, sensitive to the impact of college basketball scandals on all college sport and mindful of last spring's revelation that some pro footballers had been gambling on games, exhaled in glad relief when Wally Butts won his enormous (\$3,060,000) libel verdict against *The Saturday Evening Post* (see page 46). With announcement of the verdict there was an instant assumption by coaches and others involved in amateur sport that college football had been "vindicated." They issued statements to that effect.

Vindicated? College football itself was not charged with anything. Only Butts and Bear Bryant were directly accused. Even so, the coaches were quite right in feeling that their sport would have been grievously humiliated if Butts had lost his suit. The whole is never unaffected by what happens to one of its parts. Some of the mud would have splattered on the football jerseys of boys as far away as Oregon.

But if the coaches had good reason to feel uneasiness during the trial, they have no reason to feel utter relief now. Conditions remain as before. The sport is a multimillion-dollar business and a subject of absorbing interest to vast numbers of bookmakers and heavy gamblers. Money of this magnitude makes for greed, and greed often makes for crooked dealing. Yet the colleges have done precious little to protect themselves against scandal. Their recruiting practices have, in fact, stretched the moral principles of amateur sport beyond recognition. And it was shocking to learn that the major effort of the Southeastern Conference to investigate the Butts-Bryant allegations was to assign a man to attend the trial. The National Collegiate Athletic Association, governing body of college sport, is moving to investigate, but with its usual slowpoke pace.

The whole pattern of the sport cries out for preventive action. We would not suggest that the colleges undertake the extensive spying and prying that professional football and baseball feel is nec-

essary to protect their investments. We would urge, though, that as a first step a stern and universal ethic be drawn up to guard against a whole range of scandal-raising possibilities immanent in a sport that professes amateurism while raking in the cash.

THE NONKULTURNI AMERICAN

For all their nationalism and Communist tendentiousness, the Russians are "marvelous sportsmen," reports Robert Daley in his readable new book, *The Russian World of European Sports* (William Morrow, \$4.95).

"They play the game according to the rules," says Daley, who has covered European sports for *The New York Times* since 1956. "They win gracefully, they lose honorably. They obey officials. They rarely, if ever, whine."

A gentleman of sharply stated opinions, some sound and some dubious, Daley is correct in his evaluation of the Russian sportsman. Rather more on the anachronistic side, we Americans also know how to win gracefully, but we sometimes choose to tell off an umpire. Our culture dictates that we tell the bum off when we know he is wrong. The source of Russian sportsmanship is the rigid discipline and conformity of the Soviet way of life.

A PLAGUE OF BEARS

Wilderness-wise Alaskans ordinarily regard the black bear as a fairly harmless beast, not nearly so dangerous as the brown and grizzly. But this summer residents of interior Alaska are changing their minds. Many are afraid to go hunting, boating or picnicking. Gold miners are afraid to mine. Homesteaders are afraid to clear their lands. City dwellers with country cabins are staying in their city apartments. Because:

At his mining camp last week William Strandberg was chewed to death by a black bear. Previously, a black bear had charged into the camp of three sleeping Fairbanks hunters and tried to drag one of them off in his sleeping bag. One of the hunters shot the bear, but not before he had mauled his victim. Two bear

sows, one of them wounded, are at the moment on the prowl in Fairbanks (pop. 45,000). One of the sows, accompanied by two cubs, turned up in a backyard of the populated Hamilton Aeres area. A resident shot and wounded her, but she got away, abandoning the cubs. Fearing that she might return for them, with children playing in the streets, fish and game officials shot the cubs. Plagued with bears, the Indian village of Tannanna has asked for help from the fish and game department. And as many as 20 bears a night visit the garbage dumps of the Eielson Air Force Base and the ballistic missile site in Clear.

Behind the rampage is a poor berry season and a shortage of fish, according to game wardens. The bears are hungry and, in this emergency, are willing to eat people.

QUIET, PLEASE!

Those tiny transistor radios that are heard in so many places nowadays—on the street, at ball parks, on beaches—probably fulfill some subconscious need in the shallows of the poor souls who use them publicly.

There may be sporting occasions when a transistor can be put to imaginative and constructive use—at a tedious cock-



tail party, for instance, one could sandwich a vital ball score or race result between a Tom Swifty and a tepid Martini—but generally we regard the instrument as an abomination.

The French attitude, we are glad to report, is Draconian. Signboards at all Paris racetracks announce that transistor radios are not permitted on the grounds, and the same ban applies to benches and restaurants. When asked how he would

continued



That's my girl!

When Pam first became interested in diving, I made a few action snapshots of her with our old camera. They weren't very good, but Pam's form wasn't exactly of championship caliber, either.

Pam practiced faithfully, and soon she was entering competition and doing well. My photo dealer had told me about the new Honeywell Pentax H3v, and before long, I owned one, and an accessory 135mm lens to boot. My first roll of film amazed me! I got sharp, clear, exciting pictures—the kind I'd always thought only professionals could take. The shot above was made from the spectators' stands, using the 135mm lens, and I didn't even have to stand up.

Now, Pam's as proud of my pictures as I am of her diving. We've both come a long way, but it's been a lot easier for me!



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SCORECARD *continued*

explain this good taste, an official of the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Amélioration des Races de Chevaux en France replied: "It's simply to prevent untoward noise from interfering with the pleasure of the spectators."

Reason enough.

THE BEST YEAR OF THEIR LIVES

When Paul Hornung of the Green Bay Packers and Alex Karras of the Detroit Lions were suspended last April for gambling—betting on their own teams, that is—there was some feeling that the judgment of Pete Rozelle, National Football League Commissioner, might have been a bit harsh. Well, dry your eyes. Paul Hornung won't ring up any touchdowns this season, but his cash register is jingling a merry tune. And Karras' machine is in perfect harmony.

Hornung recently formed a corporation with Bill King, Louisville promoter, and will stage three entertainments at Louisville's Convention Center. The first will feature Comedian Frank Fontaine, the second Sophie Tucker, the third Jimmy Durante. Hornung will be master of ceremonies of all three.

In addition, he will have a five-day five-minute CBS sports show over 22 midwestern radio stations, will do a radio play-by-play of 25 high school football games and will go on television for a 15-minute Sunday night show mostly dedicated to the results of pro football games.

"Hornung will make more money than he would playing pro football," says King.

As for Karras, he weeps from time to time in his Detroit bar—a \$40,000 investment—and tells how dearly he would love to be back with his old teammates. They would like to have him, but they are shedding no tears over his financial plight. Once in a while, though it is pretty much off limits to the Detroit squad, a team brother will sneak into the saloon to cheer old Alex up—and discover that the place has become a most popular spa, even attracting tourists.

RENAISSANCE AT KISBER

Imperial, a light bay 3-year-old Hungarian colt, unbeaten in 12 races, so far has won most of his money in forints (125,000) and Austrian schillings (195,000) for a total of \$18,000. Now he is being steered toward the straight dollar. It is quite possible that Imperial will

compete in the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel Park in November.

Before World War II Hungary was as renowned for its horses as for its women. But its Kisber Stud, breeding center for the world-famous hussar horses of the old Austro-Hungarian army, was destroyed in World War II, and by 1945 hardly a decent Thoroughbred was left in the country.

A year after peace the government got the Kisber Stud going again—founded on the few animals left and on imports from America and Britain. The finest result to date has been Imperial. He ran and won seven races as a 2-year-old, at Budapest, Vienna and Prague. As a 3-year-old he has run and won five times, at Budapest, Vienna and East Berlin. In Hungary he has never won by less than 10 lengths, and abroad the margin never has dropped below six. His best time over 2,400 meters—the distance, for instance, of Longchamp's classic Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe—is 2:29.4. An English horse, The Bastard, in 1929 set the world record—2:23—for the mile and a half, a comparable distance. Soviet horses that have competed at Laurel have been well beaten elsewhere by the Hungarian colt.

A very calm horse, a good traveler—by road, rail or plane—Imperial starts quickly, likes to keep in front and runs a fast, even pace. His first real Western test will be in the Grosse Preis at Baden-Baden, West Germany next week, the first time since the war that a Hungarian horse has made such a debut.

After Baden-Baden and the International Cup, Hungarian racing fans will be able to tell whether Imperial is as great as two phenomenal horses of other years—the magnificent mare Kinesens, unbeaten in 54 races, and Kisber himself, who took the English Derby in 1876.

BRING YOUR OWN LANTERNS

A debate is raging in Artesia, New Mex. among members of the board of education over the question of spending \$1,300 for additional lights at the high school football stadium. Against the proposition is Superintendent Vernon Mills. He points out that Artesia players are used to the dim lighting, and thus enjoy a home-team advantage over visiting players.

WILD ANIMALS TAME WILD KIDS

Over the past 16 years Glenn Cunningham, great miler of the early '30s, and his wife have cared for some 7,000 underprivileged and potentially delinquent

children at his wild animal farm near Wichita, Kans. (These in addition to their own 12.) Cunningham established the farm because he believes that learning to get along with animals—35 varieties, from bison to deer—does more good for troubled kids than anything else. "Animals are honest and respond to love and care," he explains. "The kids we get learn to trust and understand the animals, and out of this relationship come better feelings for the youngster. He or she learns compassion for others."

"Speaking tours took care of the animal farm and the kids who came here to live," he went on. "Some stayed only a few weeks, others for months at a time. It was up to the kids. They stayed as long as they thought it necessary. When they felt O.K. again, they'd go back home. We never charged them anything, and they were always welcome."

But taking care of from two to 15 extra children at a time costs money. It appeared last week that the farm experiment was about to end. Cunningham announced that he had enough to take care of his family obligations but not enough to continue the 800-acre project.

No sooner was the announcement out than the prospects turned rosier. Civic groups in Wichita, Eldorado and Augusta have expressed interest in raising funds for the farm. "We can't say anything definitely right now," Cunningham cautioned, "but we have high hopes."

SO SKIP OPENING DAY

In preparing to introduce pay television to the San Francisco area, Subscription Television, Inc. has put together a tentative price list. Fans would be required to pay \$3 to see the Los Angeles Dodgers or San Francisco Giants play. They would also pay an installation fee of \$10 per set and a \$1-a-month service charge. Toting this up, we observe without comment that the season's opening game will set the fan back \$14.

THEY SAID IT

- Ernie Fazio, Houston infielder, explaining his switch from a 33-ounce bat to a 29-ounce one. "The 29-ounce bat is easier to carry back to the dugout."
- Egyptian Swimmer Abdel Latif Abu Heif, after winning a 60-mile swim from Chicago to St. Joseph, Mich. while eight natives of the United Arab Republic including his wife, sang him nationalistic songs from a nearby boat: "I wanted to get away from the music."

END

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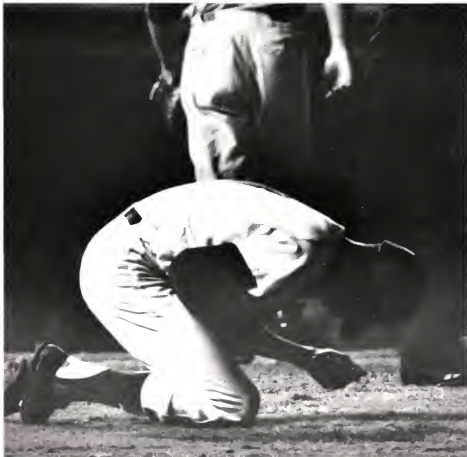


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DODGERS IN A DOGFIGHT

After a bitter month of brushback pitches, low-run games and catcalls from the overflowing stadium at Chavez Ravine, the embattled Los Angeles Dodgers are still confident that they will win out in the National League

In the heat of the pennant drive, Dodger Willie Davis crumples after being hit by a pitch, and Sandy Koufax shouts a warning at an enemy batter.





CONTINUED

SPEED AND A STRONG LEADER

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Los Angeles is worrying again. Not the team, mind you; not the Dodgers. It is the city that is worrying. Worrying itself sick. The people claim that they can see disaster bearing down on the Dodgers once more. This week, as September comes to Chavez Ravine, so do the San Francisco Giants for a four-game series, and this prospect brings no joy to an Angeleno's heart.

Although, at the beginning of the week, the Dodgers were six and a half games in front of the Giants and St. Louis Cardinals, who were tied for second, Los Angeles remembers far too well that its team was in front last year, too. And at precisely the same time of the season. Then the Giants came to town for a four-game series, won three and forced the Dodgers into a skid which ended up in one of the worst wrecks in baseball history. While San Francisco won the pennant, the Dodgers won the reputation of a team with a built-in collapsing mechanism.

There have been hundreds of explanations for the failure of last season, a

great many of them having to do with Manager Walter Alston, who has been accused of being no manager at all. And, superficially at least, Alston is hardly the picture of the fiery field leader with a set team of professionals firmly in hand. The Dodgers have no set lineup and no fixed batting order. When Alston picks a starting lineup, he does it with the same determination that one uses when ordering a Chinese meal. He takes a player from group A and two from group B, until he has gathered nine. Then he bows his head and seems to wonder what is coming.

What came last September was bad, but it definitely did not all come from Alston. There are only two valid explanations for the collapse. First, in mid-July the Dodgers lost baseball's best pitcher, Sandy Koufax, who sat out all but three games of the final half of the season with a finger injury. Then, according to Duke Snider, currently with the New York Mets but a Dodger for the preceding 15 years, "Everyone on that team, from the manager to the bat-

boy, folded in the last month. Everyone was to blame."

First Baseman Ron Fairly (see cover) was typical of these players who folded—he hit .301 up to Sept. 1, and .179 for the final month. And in the past few weeks of the current season there have been ominous signs that the whole ball club was about to do it again. The team has been amazing in its inconsistency. In one 11-game span, during which Fairly hit all of .167 as his average slid from near .290 down to .279, the Dodgers could score only 50 runs. And their fielding was something for Little Leaguers to snicker at. Yet, because their pitching was something between good and brilliant and their base running daringly successful, they managed to win eight of the games. It was a tough, almost frantic stretch of baseball, with some wild gambles (below) and a few pitches that were too tight (see preceding pages). But the Dodgers came out of it still in first place, with the season 11 days older. Moreover, they came out of it dead sure—even if their fans at Chavez Ravine were not—that there would be no repetition of 1962.

"Sure I was terrible that last month in 1962," said Fairly. "It was like a bad dream. But this year it will be different,

Trapped between home and third, Los Angeles Outfielder Wally Moon lunges at Cardinal catcher as National League pennant party gets rougher.



We matured from that. We are on guard. Remember that as bad as we were last season, the Giants were equally bad. Neither team played like it wanted to win. But being so close to having the pennant right in our hands and then losing it makes us want this pennant even more."

The Dodgers showed the Cardinals how badly they wanted the pennant when the St. Louis team came at them for a three-game series in the middle of the hitting slump. Before the series began, Stan Musial chatted about its meaning. "Over the years the Cards and the Dodgers have been in some real dogfights. There were seasons when they knocked us out of pennants and we knocked them out. It's getting late now, though, and we have six games left with them. We need these games here." Then Musial and the rest of the fine Cardinal hitters ran into the Dodger pitching staff, whose jewel all season has been a sound and healthy Koufax. In three desperate games the Cardinals could get only nine runs, and five of those came in the first four innings of the first game off Johnny Podres. In the 30 innings that followed, Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale, Ron Perranoski, Bob Miller and Larry Sherry gave the Cardinals four runs.

In the first game, Fairly was the star of a rough, tense 7-5 Dodger win. The Cardinals jumped to a 4-2 lead, and then the Dodgers started clawing and scratching. They got one run when Willie Davis wheeled all the way from first to home on a butchered double-play ball, flying into the plate safe as the throw from center field nicked the pitcher's rubber, causing the bounce to be slow and high. A bunt and two singles produced a pair of Dodger runs. Then, with the bases loaded, Fairly slashed a single up the middle to wrap up the game. In the clubhouse afterward, Fairly sat down and closed his eyes for a few seconds. "I'm hot and tired. I feel grungy. Real grungy. Please, Lord, let us have an easy one tomorrow."

The next night was anything but easy. After 15 innings, each side had one run. In the bottom of the 16th, Third Baseman Ken McMullen hit a high drive to center field with two out. Curt Flood, the Cardinal center fielder, turned the wrong way on the ball and when he picked up its flight again it was too late. Flood was playing with a severe muscle



Inconsistent Dodger sluggers like Frank Howard gave pitchers little help in critical weeks.

pull in his left leg, and his normally good speed was dulled. He crashed into the wall and McMullen pulled into second base with a double. With two strikes on him, John Roseboro singled just inside third and McMullen scored. The Dodgers ran onto the field and jumped up and down. Stan Musial stared at the ground. "It hurts. Really hurts," he said.

The final game was almost as close—and a little rougher. The Cardinals carried a 3-2 lead into the eighth inning. Then the Dodgers got Moon on third with one out and Fairly at bat. Dodger Coach Pete Reiser signalled for a suicide squeeze, but Fairly missed the sign. Instead of bunting he was swinging away. At the last instant he noticed Moon driving down the line. He waved awkwardly and missed it. Moon, scrambling back to third, saw that Catcher Tim McCarver had already thrown the ball to Third Baseman Ken Boyer. Now thoroughly trapped, Moon decided to gamble on an interference play. Once more he charged for home; McCarver was standing in

Moon's path and, as the Dodger outfielder roared in, McCarver jumped three feet to the inside of the diamond to avoid illegally blocking the base path. But as Moon went by, he thrust out his arms and banged McCarver on the shoulder. Simultaneously, Boyer slapped the tag on Moon, and Moon screamed for the umpires to call interference. But the umpires were in no way deluded by the trap trick. Moon was out, the Dodgers had lost a good scoring chance and Walter Alston was mad.

The baseball press in Los Angeles—and a number of other places—paints a picture of Alston as a sort of Whistler's Mother with a scorecard in his lap. Every time the Dodgers lose as many as two games in a row, the papers rise up to call for his scalp. There is one radio announcer in Los Angeles who told his audience last week that "the team has won 76 games and Walter Alston has lost 49. Somehow they got themselves six and a half games in front, but anyone knows that if even I managed the Dodgers they

continued

would be 15½ games in front, and I'm an idiot."

However accurate the announcer's self-appraisal may be, he is wrong about Alston, who is no idiot. Alston is quiet and reserved but is a strong man. In nine years of managing the Dodgers, he has won three pennants, two world championships and has read about 58 of his fellow managers being fired. During this period, the longest interval of command enjoyed by any current major league manager, he has had handed to him as coaches such heirs apparent as Bobby Bragan, Leo Durocher and Charlie Dressen. Nevertheless, Alston has prevailed.

Despite this record—and because of the 1962 debacle—Alston has been crucified throughout the current season. In early spring, as the Dodgers bounced around from second to seventh, everyone said he would not last through May. From April 26 to May 6, as the Dodgers lost seven of nine games on the road in four cities—St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh—Alston's players could not pick up a newspaper without reading that their manager was about to be fired. Before long, the Dodgers themselves, who were playing terrible ball, began to wonder if these rumors were true. This uncertainty did nothing for the team's morale. But Alston suffered the shindlers in silence. On May 6, the nadir was reached when the Dodgers got 16 hits in a game with the Pirates, but lost.

After the game the Dodgers piled into an old bus, which chugged its way toward the airport. In the back of the bus, some of the players started to make a few good-natured remarks about the quality of their transportation such as, "Hey Bassey, there's a dog running alongside the back wheel with bad intentions." Then it happened. The Pittsburgh Pirates glided by in a brand-new, leather-seated, air-conditioned bus on their way to the same airport for a trip to Chicago. Suddenly, the remarks were no longer good-natured. Weren't they the Dodgers? Didn't they draw 2,750,000 people into Chavez Ravine in 1962 to set an all-time major league attendance record? What was a second-division team like the Pirates doing outclassing them?

Lee Scott, the team's traveling secretary, suggested that if they won some ball games they would deserve better

buses. At this, Infielder Jim Gilliam shouted, "What do you think we're doing, trying to lose?"

And now, at long, long last, Walter Alston had had enough. First, he told everyone to be quiet. For the next 20 minutes he sat stonily in his seat. Finally, he told the driver to pull the bus over to the side of the road. He got to his feet and stood next to the driver. "There are a few things we better get straightened out," he said. Then he told the team that nobody had the right to tell them that they were playing badly except him. He said that he would see to the buses and make sure they got the best. And, if anyone had any complaints about buses or anything else, they were to come and see him—one at a time. Later, two of the players who had been complaining were traded.

Now the team had the answer it needed to the questions raised by the press. Alston was the boss, and he did not have to lower himself to tell them not to believe everything they read. The Dodgers immediately went out and won 15 of their next 19 games and rose from seventh place to a game short of first. In June they failed to hit, but still played better than .500 ball, and in July they won 17 of their first 20 games. By early August, with Koufax once more established as the league's leading pitcher and with Shortstop Maury Wills delivering a bundle of key hits and fine defensive plays, they were in first place by a solid six games. However in the midst of the dog-fights of late August, they ran up against an old, old friend, Milwaukee's Warren Spahn.

In his otherwise triumphant march of 19 years through the National League, Spahn has been surprisingly bad against the Dodgers, losing 34 games while winning only 22 before this season. But this year Spahn had not been so friendly, winning all three of his starts against Los Angeles. When he went to the mound against the Dodgers last Friday, he was downright unpleasant. Kicking his 42-year-old leg high in the air before each pitch, he set the Dodgers down with nine hits and one run. Alston, trying to rest his first-line pitchers, had gambled with 19-year-old Dick Calsmus, who was hit hard as Los Angeles lost 6-1.

The next night the Dodger hitting was no better, and the Brave pitching was almost as good. The score: 2-1. In both games, there would have been no

Dodger score whatever had it not been for a pair of hits and some magnificent base running by Maury Wills. For the final game of the series, the Dodger attack, mounted in full fury, managed to produce exactly two runs. But this time they got tight, one-run pitching from Koufax and Miller. On that one, faintly happy note, the Dodgers marched into the last month of the season with the firm conviction that they were going to win the pennant. Despite the posting he had just handed them, Milwaukee Manager Bobby Bragan agreed, "The Dodgers should win the pennant," said Bragan. "But they will have to do it by picking and pitching. They don't have a hitting attack. They are sixth in the National League in fielding, tied for sixth in double plays, fifth in runs, sixth in hits and they don't have one man in the top ten in runs batted in. But statistics are silly sometimes. They are first in the league, and the teams that are chasing them are really going to be up against it. The Cardinals and the Giants may have the best hitting, but the Dodgers have great pitching, and pitching beats hitting every time. What a pitching staff those devils have."

This week, to see if Koufax, Alston, Fairly and the rest of the Dodgers can turn back the Giants and avoid a repetition of last year's wreck, more than 215,000 people will squeeze into the multicolored, five-tiered elegance of Chavez Ravine for the four games. The demand for scalper tickets surpasses anything seen since the opening of *The Jazz Singer*. So fascinated has the city of Los Angeles become with the pitching of Sandy Koufax alone that he is worth 7,000 people extra at the gate. There is a very good chance, in fact, that the Dodgers will, by season's end, break their own attendance record.

However, the people of Los Angeles are not interested in setting records. What they are worried about is whether the Dodgers will at last pay off for the agony of that dreadful flop of last September. The coming of the Giants intensifies the worry—understandably so. But if the pitching holds, and it should, the city of Los Angeles will be paid off 10 dimes on the dollar.

END

Always somber and silent, in pennant battle Walter Alston has become a tough, able leader.



NEW DARLING OF THE GALLERIES

Anne Quast Welts won the Women's Amateur for the third time, but everyone fell in love with a chubby, gum-chewing kid from Spokane who giggled and galloped her way to the finals **by REX LARDNER**



Helped by her husband's pep talks, Anne Welts drove well in the championship round.

At the 63rd annual USGA Women's Amateur golf championship held at the Tacoma Golf Club in Wilbur, Wash., three-time winner JoAnne Gunderson shot the best nine holes—a three-under-par 33. Judy Bell of Colorado Springs, the Trans-Mississippi champion, got the tournament's only eagle—on No. 7, a 400-yard par-5 that rewards valor but penalizes rashness. Mrs. Horton Semple of Sewickley, Pa., wore the wildest hats. Mrs. Anne Quast Welts, never noted as a scrambler, repeatedly got out of trouble in her harrowing semifinal match with Miss Gunderson, won that and went on to take the championship—the third time she has won it (She won in 1958 and 1961.) But the spectator sympathy, regard and affection, and to some extent awe, was almost exclusively reserved for Miss Peggy Shane Conley of Spokane, Wash., who lost to Mrs. Welts in Saturday's final.

Miss Conley is the youngest player to make the finals in the history of the tournament (she is 16) and very likely the roundest, jolliest and, for her years, the most poised. Miss Conley chews gum while she plays, giggles when something delights her, and wears nearly fluorescent red Bermuda shorts with a left-hand glove to match. She is short, stocky, square-jawed, ruddy-faced, seemingly unimpressed by the reputations of her elders and cute as a button. A junior at Lewis and Clark High School in Spokane, she likes football players, is not allowed to go steady, likes to twist, rides horseback and skis, plays the French horn in the school band and dislikes English class. Her father, a dentist, is a three-handicap golfer, and urged her to take up the game when she was 11. She showed such promise he turned her over to the pro at the Tacoma Golf and Country Club, Chuck Congdon, to whom she gives credit for polishing up her game. In putting, Miss Conley has a pigeon-toed, knock-kneed stance like

Arnold Palmer but she crouches like Jack Nicklaus. Sometimes on short putts she tears her spikes loose and gallops after the ball, apparently trying to frighten it into the hole. Against Mrs. Welts this worked once and failed once.

Up until last week few of the Amateur competitors—bespectacled Jans Ferraris was one—paid much attention to Miss Conley. Miss Ferraris, also 16, beat Miss Conley this year in the finals of the National Girls' Junior Championship and in the semifinals of the Western Junior championship. But in the National Amateur, driving grimly, making astonishing recoveries and putting as though she would tear off the back and sometimes the sides of the cup, Miss Conley kept beating people she has no business beating. She defeated Curtis Cup player Judy Bell 3 and 2. ("Judy didn't putt well," Peggy explained ingenuously. "I think the pressure got her.") She defeated Phyllis Preuss of Pompano Beach, Fla., Women's Eastern Amateur champion, also 3 and 2. To reach the final, she managed a palpitating one-hole victory over Carol Sorenson of Janesville, Wis., four-time Wisconsin Amateur champion and national intercollegiate champion in 1962.

In the other half of the draw, the slim, attractive 25-year-old Mrs. Welts, married last June and receiving sideline and pre-match encouragement from her husband David, was eliminating, among others, Miss Conley's nemesis, Miss Ferraris; Nancy Roth; and, to the surprise of almost everybody, Miss Gunderson. JoAnne Gunderson hates to practice but she can outdrive all women amateurs and a sizable number of men. Five times before, Mrs. Welts had faced Miss Gunderson, and Miss Gunderson had the edge, 3-2. For the first eight holes, Mrs. Welts fought tension and despair most of the time, getting to the green later than Miss Gunderson but compensating by sinking long, tricky putts. At the 9th she was 1 up but full of nerves. Mrs. Welts was short of the green on the 175-yard hole. Miss Gunderson hit to within 20 feet of the pin. A chip by Mrs. Welts placed her two feet away. Miss Gunderson lay down to examine the line of her putt, poked the ball too hard and set it inches from the cup. Mrs. Welts stroked her two-footer, saw that it was going wide and inexplicably struck the moving ball again. In the agonist silence she cried, "I concede! I concede!" The officials,

busy thumbing their rulebooks, gave Miss Gunderson a 3 and Mrs. Welts an X—something you seldom see. It was Miss Gunderson's hole and they were even. Oddly enough, Mrs. Welts said later this outburst of passion calmed her down and she played much more relaxed golf thereafter, winning finally on the 16th, getting a par to Miss Gunderson's bogey 5. "Anne has no confidence in her putting," her husband said later. "I told her, 'The only way you can miss it is to make a mistake.' It cured her of her defensive putting attitude."

Mr. Welts, champion of the Skagit Country Club in Mount Vernon, Wash., gave his wife a strong pep talk the evening before the final match with Miss Conley. "I thought she would be down after beating Gunderson," he said. "So all evening we talked golf to get her up for Conley. I'd seen this kid play and I was scared to death. I feel guilty that Anne didn't sleep much that night but in a tournament it's dangerous to slack up for a minute."

Considering the quality of Miss Conley's play in the final, he was right as rain. After a shaky start in which Miss Conley missed an easy putt to drop the first hole, she sank a big seven-footer to halve the second, got steadier as acreage passed underfoot, matched Mrs. Welts soaring drive for scoring drive, approach for approach and explosion for explosion, and by the end of the first 18 holes was 1 up with a 76 to Mrs. Welts's 77. If several of her shots had not gone into the cup only to ungraciously erupt from it again, she might have been 4 up. This is, apparently, a Conley bugaboo, and it drew sympathetic moans and hand-wringing from the crowd.

Miss Conley went to 2 up after the first hole of the afternoon round, but insidiously Mrs. Welts chipped away at the composure of her young rival. Finally Miss Conley's irons began to get erratic, she missed putts of medium length that would have given her a virtually insurmountable lead and then on the 7th a speck of sand got between her eye and her contact lens. This naturally caused her some anguish and cost her some of her concentration. Mrs. Welts picked up the 26th, 27th, 29th and 30th to go ahead by three. A valiant spurt on the 32nd, which Miss Conley birdied, reduced Mrs. Welts's lead to two. They halved the 33rd and 34th. Miss Conley had a 50-foot putt for a birdie on the 35th. She strode

up to the flag and, in a gesture reminiscent of the Babe Ruth legend, yanked the flag from the hole, walked back and addressed the ball. She missed the putt. Mrs. Welts thereupon sank a 15-footer for her par and the match. "Anne plays to a pattern," Mr. Welts said later. "When she sees she has to sink it she'll sink it." In another year the same may be said of Miss Conley.

END



A quick smile helped Peggy Conley all week.

Alone at the Top of the Mark

For one fleeting instant last Saturday, when his hand left the pole and his body hung tantalizingly over the crossbar, the world around Pole Vaulter John Pennel froze in hushed expectancy. In the next it exploded with ecstatic huzzahs as Pennel flipped his body safely clear of the bar and tumbled into wood shavings below, the first person ever to go over 17 feet. The actual height, 17 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, was checked and rechecked for half an hour by nervous officials at the Gold Coast AAU meet in Miami, Pennel's hometown. The long wait precluded any greater heights that day, but a confident Pennel, who six times earlier this year had broken the world record, was not worried. He had done 17 feet five days before in practice. "Once you've got it licked in your mind," he said, "the rest is easy." The rest could be another half foot or so this year, he says, and then it is anybody's guess what the ceiling might be for a quick, powerful athlete like Pennel, who has studied and ultimately mastered the complicated gymnastics of high flying on a slingshot, fiber-glass pole.

Charles Teague





IS THAT YOU UP THERE, JOHNNY BLOOD?

It is—today in a place of high honor in pro football's Hall of Fame. But once it was Johnny eight floors up there outside his coach's window
by GERALD HOLLAND

McNally is tall and lean. He has a strong face and untroubled eyes and a good head of iron-gray hair. He looks like a scholar or a poet or a contemplative monk in multi. In repose, he is a picture of utter relaxation and, moving about, he suggests the effortless coordination of a cat. Ordinarily, he speaks quietly and briefly, as though words were not things to be wasted. On occasion, he is not so frugal with them. In his time, he has drawn street-corner crowds with rousing recitations of Kipling and has skinned soapbox orators with strange but oddly plausible arguments for or against any proposition under discussion.

Candidate John F. Kennedy met him for the first time in Green Bay, during the Wisconsin primary campaign. "Your name," said Senator Kennedy, "was a household word in our home." After the election, President Kennedy greeted McNally again at a White House reception which he attended in the company of his friend Byron White, then deputy

attorney general, now a Justice of the Supreme Court.

Before that evening at the White House, McNally had been around a bit. He had taught history and economics at his alma mater, St. John's University in Minnesota. He had entered the University of Minnesota to study for his master's degree at the age of 30. He had started writing a book on economics, a work still in progress. He had read law as a clerk in his uncle's law firm. He had run (unsuccessfully) for sheriff of St. Croix County, Wis., on a platform promising honest wrestling. He had been an Air Force staff sergeant and cryptographer in India and China during World War II. He had done a few things calling for less intellectual challenge. He had tended bar in Shanty Malone's place in San Francisco. He had been a stickman, a croupier, in a gambling house. He had been a seaman, a newspaper stereotyper, a miner, a farmhand, a feed salesman, a floor waxer, a sportswriter, a hotel desk

clerk, a pick-and-shovel worker on a WPA project in Los Angeles during the Depression. He had spent a night in jail in Havana for fistfighting over a matter of principle. He had walked out of a hotel in Atlantic City wearing four shirts and two suits and had settled his bill by mail later on.

In between all this, he had played some football—a lot of extraordinary football—and it was the kind of football he played that led to his election (along with Jim Thorpe, Red Grange, Bronko Nagurski, Cal Hubbard and a dozen others) as a charter member of pro football's Hall of Fame which will be dedicated September 7 at Canton, Ohio, the birthplace of the National Football League.

His full name, as entered in the records at Canton, is John Victor McNally. If it rings no bell, then for John Victor McNally read Johnny Blood—the name he used when he was a household word with the teen-age Kennedy boys, the name of the legendary halfback who scored 37



Steve Schapiro

touchdowns and 224 points during his career with the Green Bay Packers and helped them win four NFL championships. As Johnny Blood, he played all around the pro circuit and served three seasons as player-coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, the team for which he once signed his friend, Whizzer White.

"I guess you could say," Justice White said recently, "that if it were not for Johnny Blood's persuasiveness, I would not have played professional football. We played together only a year, with the Pittsburgh Steelers, but we have kept in close touch ever since.

"He was a great teammate. A cheerful fellow, friendly off the field. Nothing fazed him. Sometimes, although he was player-coach, he might miss a practice and explain next day that he had been to the library. He was a fine defense man. He was fast. I tried all season to beat him at 100 yards and couldn't. He was a great receiver. He thought there wasn't a ball in the air he couldn't catch. I value him

as a friend as much as I admired him as a player."

Don Hutson, a Hall of Fame man and Johnny Blood's teammate with the Packers, has said of him:

"I never saw a fellow who could turn a ball game around as quickly as Johnny Blood. When he came into a game, the whole attitude of the players changed. He had complete confidence in himself. He had tremendous football sense."

A man who has seen all the great backs, from Johnny Blood to Jimmy Taylor of today's Green Bay Packers, said:

"Johnny Blood was one of the last great individualists of the football field when it was still called a gridiron. Like Red Grange, Bo McMillin and Jimmy Conzelman, he had the speed, the change of pace, the swivel hips and the quick eyes to break loose on his own and run through the opposition, whereas today's great backs largely depend on perfect execution of well-drilled blackboard plays

laid out by their coaches. Johnny Blood could improvise, make up plays on the spot as the occasion demanded. I don't suppose this always made a hit with his coach, but his performance did."

The exploits of Johnny Blood McNally on and off the field during a professional career that spanned 22 seasons were often as wild as they were unpredictable, and yet there was a weird thread of logic running through them. There was the time, for instance, when the Packers were in Los Angeles for a game, and Johnny found himself in need of funds. He approached Coach Curly Lambeau (also a charter member of the Hall of Fame at Canton) in the hotel lobby and stated his case. Lambeau not only refused to advance him 10¢, he said he was retiring to his eighth floor room and locking himself in for the night. If Johnny came to his door, he declared, he would not let him in.

Johnny pondered, pacing the lobby. He reviewed the facts. He had asked and

continued

had been refused. But does a man take no for an answer without making certain that the other party fully understands the urgency of the matter? Johnny decided that his coach must be made to listen again. But he had said that he would not open his door. The answer, by all rules of logic, must be found in another method of approach. The door would be locked, but had anything been said about the window?

Johnny hurried to the elevators and rode up to the eighth floor. He found a door leading to a fire escape and then determined that by making his way along a ledge, he could put himself within a mere five or six feet of Coach Lambeau's window. He moved confidently along the ledge until he was in position. He looked down to the courtyard eight floors below. He balanced himself, placing his hands behind him, palms against the wall. He bent his knees slightly and was about to leap when the voice of a teammate rang out from a window two floors below.

"Is that you up there, Johnny Blood?" cried the teammate.

"The same," answered Johnny.

"Dear God in Heaven," shouted the teammate, "what are you going to do, Johnny?"

"Coach wants to see me," Johnny called back. "Told me to drop in and talk over a matter of business." With that he jumped, landed neatly on the window ledge, threw up the half-open window and presented himself to Coach Lambeau who fell back, clutching his heart.

"I thought that perhaps I didn't make myself clear, Coach," said Johnny, "about that advance I asked for. Now the fact is—"

Curly Lambeau staggered to the chair where his trousers hung. He thrust a hand in a pocket and pulled out a wad of bills.

"Take it, take it!" he cried. "Take it and go, Go where you want, Johnny Blood."

"Thank you, Coach," said Johnny politely. "I knew we could come to an understanding once we talked things over in a calm, reasonable way."

"Just go," groaned Curly. "Go, please go."

Johnny went to the door, turned the lock and opened it.

"Have a good night's sleep, Coach," he said, closing the door behind him.

Although that story is vouched for by Curly Lambeau himself, the legend that

has grown up around Johnny Blood is so filled with truths and half-truths and no truth at all that it is necessary to try to grasp a few facts of record and hold fast to them. Throw out the fable that he once stayed up an entire night in a bar and engaged in a toe-to-toe Shakespearean performance with John Barrymore. He never met Barrymore in his life. Nor did he ever heckle a nightclub comedian and then take over the spotlight to put on an impromptu show of his own. To be sure, he did dance a jig on the football field as the band played *Piccolo Pete*. But sportswriters invented scores of other tales, because they knew that Johnny would not bother to deny them.

One truth is that Johnny is not an easy man to catch up with. His home is the house where he was born, in New Richmond, Wis., but he is seldom there long, for he roams the country, visiting old friends, making new ones out of anyone who has something interesting to say, rarely staying in any one place for long. People meeting him for the first time usually want to know exactly how scholarly John McNally became the Johnny Blood of legend, the hell-raisingest, most excitingly colorful player on and off the field that the professional game has ever seen.

He was captured for a little while on the evening of last New Year's Day. That afternoon he had seen the University of Wisconsin lose a thriller to USC in the Rose Bowl. Two days before, he had watched the Packers beat the Giants in New York. He had hoped to witness a complete sweep, professional and collegiate, for the teams representing his home state. Now he sat in the cocktail lounge of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. He rattled the ice cubes in his empty glass (he rarely drinks before sundown) and called to a passing waiter his standard order for another Scotch and water. "A man," he said, "could die of thirst in a place like this." The waiter looked back and smiled and nodded.

The usual question was asked.

"How did I become Johnny Blood? I think some background should be given here. I was small as a kid in New Richmond. Precocious, I suppose, a quick study. I graduated from high school when I was 14. I had been too small to participate in any kind of athletics. Unless you count climbing. I loved to climb things. Trees, telephone poles, the outside of houses. This addiction stayed with me

in later life. Once I went to visit a friend in the hospital. It was after visiting hours, and I was turned away on the ground floor. So I went around the back and climbed up to my friend's room on the third floor and went in through the window. My friend seemed to be greatly cheered by the visit. I not only liked to climb up, I liked to climb down. One time when I was playing with Ernie Nevers' Eskimos, I was giving a poetry reading on the street outside our hotel. The team manager came along, took me by the arm, escorted me to my room and locked me in. My room was on the sixth floor. It was child's play for me to go out the window and back down to the street and pick up my recitation at the point where it had been interrupted.

"Getting back to my boyhood, my parents thought I was too young to go away to college at 14. So I stayed home and learned to type and studied commercial subjects. I read a good deal. I remember that it was in those days I first read about Cincinnatus, the Roman general who would farm his land until war came, then would lead his troops to victory and go back to farming again. I made him my hero and, as I grew older, I realized that what Cincinnatus was, was a clutch hitter. I'm a great admirer of clutch hitters."

(Cal Hubbard, the American League's chief of umpires and also a Hall of Fame man, picked an alltime pro team some years ago. He did not pick Johnny Blood, but he said that if he could have had a 12th player—the equivalent of a clutch hitter in baseball—Johnny Blood would have been his man.)

The waiter set down a fresh Scotch and water.

"When I was 17," Johnny went on, "I entered St. John's, a Benedictine college near Collegeville, Minn. Suddenly, I started to grow like a weed. I went out for all sports—football, baseball, track, basketball. I guess I was St. John's first four-letter man. St. John's was a two-year college then, but I stayed on doing some postgraduate study for a year and then decided I wanted to finish up at Notre Dame."

And so you later became known as Johnny Blood, "a vagabond halfback from Notre Dame?" That was in TIME magazine.

"Time erred. I was neither Johnny Blood nor a halfback at Notre Dame. And I was not yet a vagabond. I went out for the freshman squad—although I was actually a junior—and they put me at tackle. I didn't like that. A tackle's

continued

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got

the taste
that's right!



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You can now rub elbows with composure; the great old idea of leather elbow patches has been rediscovered to become a brand new idea, like the yo-yo. Thus these grand sweaters of 100 percent imported Shetland wool, in eight superb colors, with patches of the proper hue. Paul Hornung wears the zipper, about \$15.95. Frank Gifford has on the cardigan, about \$15.95. Bob Cousy is in the pullover, about \$12.95. Turtle tee shirts about \$3.95; turtle ski bibs about \$2.95. Edge your way into a men's store, get your Jantzen elbow patch sweater; elbow away with confidence.

Note the

Elbow patch sweaters like the cardigan on Gifford and the pullover on Cousy are in 100% "elbow" wool, in six colors. Boys' cardigan, about \$12.95, of 100 percent wool. Boys' pullover about \$9.95. Photograph by Tom Kelley, Club photographer.

Jantzen
sportswear for sportsmen

job is to make body contact; a ballcarrier's job is to avoid it. I was fast, and I wanted to be a halfback."

What happened when you became eligible for the varsity the following year?

"I wasn't around the following year. I was suspended from Notre Dame in the spring of 1924 for absentsing myself from the campus, along with some classmates whose names I refused to reveal. It was just as well that I didn't stay and try out for the varsity. I would have been competing with Don Miller of the Four Horsemen for the right halfback position in that great backfield."

Still, suspension from college is a traumatic experience for a boy. Were you ashamed? Did you feel disgraced? Did you go to the authorities, fall to your knees and beg forgiveness, plead for reinstatement?

"No, I bought a motorcycle. I was just learning to drive it fairly well, when I happened to attend a party in South Bend. There was a girl there, and we got to talking. I told her that I had purchased a motorcycle and was planning a tour of the eastern seaboard. Two of my sisters were sailing for Europe, and I wanted to be in New York to wish them *bon voyage*."

Your devotion to your sisters doubtless impressed the girl at the party. Possibly you were attracted to her as well. Did you see this girl again?

"I did. On the back seat of my motorcycle. She confided to me that she was married to a sailor who was due to sail from Norfolk on a battleship, and she was most anxious to wish him *bon voyage*. So we set out. We spent a night in Chicago sitting on a park bench to conserve funds for fuel. Then we paid a visit to her family in Fort Wayne, Ind. Her parents approved of the motorcycle tour, without reservation, and so we set off in the general direction of Norfolk."

The girl on the back seat of the motorcycle?

"Correct. We ran out of money at Washington, Pa. The girl suggested hooking her watch and her wedding ring. I concurred and promised to redeem them later. I did redeem them. Well, at any rate, we got to Norfolk and found her husband's battleship had sailed. The girl was distraught. She had no place to stay, and I was due in New York. So I took her to a YWCA, explained our predicament to a nice lady in charge, and she agreed to let the girl stay until I could

send her money to go home on. Which, fortunately, I was able to do."

And you drove off alone to wish your sisters *bon voyage* in New York?

"That's right. Unfortunately, however, my motorcycle broke down several times along the way. I borrowed some money from a cousin in Baltimore and pressed on, but I was unable to reach New York before my sisters' ship sailed. Happily, I had another sister at Radcliffe, so I drove to Boston, called upon her, wished her well and borrowed some money for fuel. At my sister's suggestion, I also wrote home and asked that a small sum be deposited in my checking account, which had been drained completely enroute to Washington, Pa."

"All being well at Radcliffe, I decided to start back to Wisconsin. My motorcycle broke down at Sandusky, Ohio. Luckily, I remembered that the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame had summer jobs in a resort there. I looked up Harry Stuhldreher, reminded him that I had written his poetry for him when we were in Father Carroll's poetry class at Notre Dame and asked him to cash a check. Harry was happy to oblige. I got the motorcycle fixed, and it performed magnificently until I arrived at Amherst Junction, Wis., where it collapsed completely, beyond repair. I abandoned it and caught a freight train for New Richmond. I rode the blinds. Older hoboes will remember the blinds as the space between the coal tender and the baggage car." He raised his voice: "A man could die—." The waiter, standing by, nodded understandingly.

This is all leading up to the story of how John McNally became Johnny Blood?

"It is. Back home again, I decided to go to work. One of my uncles was owner and publisher of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, and another uncle was in charge of the mechanical department. In the company of a former classmate from St. John's, Ralph Hanson, I went to the newspaper and asked for a job. Ralph and I were put to work in the stereotyping department. We hadn't been working long when we read that a professional football league was being formed in Minneapolis and that the East 26th Street Liberties were conducting tryouts. Ralph and I decided to try out, but we agreed that since we both had a year of collegiate eligibility left, we would do well to try out under assumed names."

The waiter put down a glass.

"Check, please," said John McNally.

"Well, sir, we tried to think of names, but we couldn't think of any we liked. We were still pondering the problem as we rode out to the ball park where the tryouts were being held. Along the way, we passed a theater. The marquee advertised a Rudolph Valentino picture called *Blood and Sand*. I grabbed Ralph's arm. 'There are our names,' I said. 'I'll be Blood and you be Sand.'"

And that was the start of your professional career?

"I made the team, yes. I had a very good year. The East 26th Street Liberties won the city championship. I then moved on to a team that was being formed at Ironwood, Mich. From there I jumped to Milwaukee, and then I got an offer to join Ernie Nevers in Duluth. Then I went to Pottsville, Pa. and finally was signed by the Packers. In my negotiations with Curly Lambeau, I asked for \$100 a game. He came back with an offer of \$110 a game, providing I would initial a clause in the contract forbidding any drinking after Tuesday of each week. I countered with an offer to take the \$100 I had proposed and drink through Wednesday. Curly agreed."

Johnny Blood McNally finished his drink and got up. "Excuse me," he said. "I am flying to San Francisco to see Shanty Malone." He waved a hand and was gone.

Months later, Johnny Blood sat at a table in Dinty Moore's Restaurant in New York.

"I found Shanty Malone looking very well, still merry-eyed and curly-haired," he said. "I hadn't seen him since 1947. We recalled the old days, starting with the night Shanty knocked on the door of my hotel room, a perfect stranger, and invited me to join him in a drink at a nearby speakeasy. He was a great football fan. Our friendship prospered, and Shanty was there in the clutch when I was caught in San Francisco between seasons without funds. It was then that I went to work for him as a bartender."

Does Shanty still have a bar?

"Oh yes. He has moved several times, but all his places have been pretty much the same as far as atmosphere is concerned. Genteel, in a sort of knock-down-and-drag-out way. Shanty himself is a working philosopher. We discussed some of the great eternal questions, as we had done in the past."

Do you recall any particular eternal question?

continued

Johnny Blood pushed back his plate and ordered some coffee. "Yes. One question we discussed has been on my mind for years. It was posed to me when I was coaching the Pittsburgh Steelers. Just before the start of the season it became necessary for me to cut four men from the squad. I hated to do it. But I told the boys that I had heard of an independent pro team being organized in St. Louis. I suggested that they go there and try out. I persuaded Art Rooney, owner of the Steelers, to advance money enough to get them to St. Louis. Well, the boys went out, worked hard to make the team, but all four failed. They sent me a wire after their release. It read,

tem that depended utterly on the fullback. Ernie certainly met the test for that position under the Warner system better than anybody else. He certainly was the greatest of the Pop Warner fullbacks, and he was at least the equal of any of the greatest fullbacks of all time.

"Ernie and I talked about the days when we played 60-minute football, the days before the platoon system. We were proud to stay in there for the full distance. If we couldn't stay in there, we felt that we did not measure up. I think present-day players miss that full-time effort, although today's game is better for the spectators. What really created modern football was the platoon system and the slow-motion camera. The cam-

the games. But we bet on ourselves to win. I never heard of a player betting against his own team." He glanced at his wristwatch, touched his napkin to his lips and got up from the table.

"I have to run. I am on a tour, inspecting lighthouses from Florida to the Canadian border. I am very much interested in lighthouses. My favorite is at Cape Hatteras."

How did you become interested in lighthouses?

"I used to go with a lighthouse keeper's daughter." He walked out the door.

One day last summer, Johnny Blood sat on a park bench opposite the White House.

"I have been visiting Justice White in his office at the Supreme Court," he



HALFBACK BLOOD lines up with the 1933 Packers before a game with the Giants. The line, from left: Rose, Kurth, Van Sickle,

Sarafny, Comstock, Perry and Driven. The backfield: Herbert, Hinkle, Blood and Monnett. The Giants won that game, 17-6.

simply, "Where to now, Coach? I didn't know the answer. In the large sense, does anybody?"

Johnny Blood took a sip of coffee and declined a cigarette. He looked around Dinty Moore's Restaurant. "This old place," he said, "hasn't changed a bit since the Packers used to eat here back in the '30s."

He was silent for a moment, and then he went on: "I saw a lot of old friends on the Coast. I played golf with Ernie Nevers."

Do you consider Nevers the greatest football player of all time, as some people say?

"Well, Pop Warner said that under his system, Ernie was better than Jim Thorpe. That's pretty high praise, but the peculiarities of the Warner system required the fullback to be the absolute core of the team. He did the signal calling, the passing, the kicking, the spinning and the ball carrying. It was a sys-

tem that depended utterly on the fullback. Ernie certainly met the test for that position under the Warner system better than anybody else. He certainly was the greatest of the Pop Warner fullbacks, and he was at least the equal of any of the greatest fullbacks of all time.

era showed the coaches things they didn't know before. They knew in detail what every man did right and wrong. This helped them to coach more effectively. Now the player knows that the coach is seeing every detail of the action in slow motion and so, playing this part-time football, he is giving his maximum effort every minute. I used to say in the old days that the only thing wrong with pro football was that the stadiums were too small. That turned out to be a pretty good diagnosis in view of the way the game has caught on with the fans. It's a great show. It's dead on the level, you can't fake it, and it's all out there in front of you."

You couldn't throw a game?

"You could throw it, but it would be obvious to everybody in the stadium."

What about players betting on games, as happened last season?

"Well, that can't be tolerated today. Frankly, in the old days, we all bet on

said, "and he told me he had been invited [the later accepted] to present my plaque at the Hall of Fame dedication ceremonies in Canton."

That would be highly appropriate, since you signed Whizzer—Mr. Justice White, that is—for the Pittsburgh Steelers. Exactly how did that come about?

"Well, of course, every pro team was anxious to get Whizzer. He was an All-America at the University of Colorado, and the kind of player we all knew would make the transition to professional football without any difficulty. Art Rooney, the owner of the Steelers, was particularly anxious to get him. He sent me to Boulder to have a talk with Whizzer."

"Whizzer said he couldn't possibly turn pro. He had a Rhodes scholarship, and he wanted to go to Oxford more than anything else, especially since his brother had been there before him. I used my best salesmanship, but I saw

that nothing could change his mind, and so I reported back to Art Rooney.

"With White eliminated, we went into the draft meeting with the idea of claiming a boy from Duquesne, if we had the chance, as the third team in the draft selections. But the Duquesne boy was claimed ahead of us, and I turned to Art Rooney and said, 'Who do we pick now?' Rooney said, 'Pick Whizzer White.' I told him White wouldn't accept a draft. Rooney said, 'Pick him anyway. I'll offer him so much money he can't refuse. I'll offer him \$15,000.' So I picked White. When I called him and made the offer, Whizzer said the money did interest him, but the Rhodes scholarship interested him a great deal more. His answer was still no."

Johnny stared off in the direction of the White House. "Do you know," he said, "that Green Bay claims to have invented touch football? I guess a lot of other towns claim the same thing. But I wouldn't be surprised if it began in Green Bay. The Packers were always a passing team and still are. It makes sense that the fans and the kids would work out a passing game."

You still haven't signed Whizzer White for the Pittsburgh Steelers.

"Oh, yes. Well, Whizzer had been thinking things over. He had made some inquiries. He had learned that he could delay his entrance at Oxford until January, until whatever they call the second semester over there. Art Rooney and I were in Atlantic City one evening, and a call came through from Whizzer for me. 'Johnny,' he said, 'Is that \$15,000 offer still good?' I said it sure was. Whizzer explained about the Oxford situation and said he would report. He did, and he was everything we hoped for and more. He led the league in yardage gained."

When did you hear that you were picked for the Hall of Fame in Canton?

"Well, I had heard rumors from sportswriters, but the official word came last January when I was visiting Curly Lambeau at his home in Palm Springs, Calif. We read the news in the Los Angeles papers. We were both very proud that, with Cal Hubbard, Don Hutson, Curly and myself, the Green Bay Packers had four men in the first contingent. I told Curly that I felt my reputation for so-called color probably was what influenced the sportswriters and broadcasters in voting me in as a charter member. Curly was kind. He said I had more than so-called color, and he prayed that the saints would

preserve him from any more of that."

What is your own estimate of yourself as a player, Johnny Blood?

"Well, I always figured I was a pretty fair all-around back. I could kick with almost anybody. I wasn't a real good thrower, but in my time I guess I was as good a receiver as there was around—the best, maybe, until Don Hutson came along. Some people said I was the fastest man in the league until Hutson, who was a 9.6 man in college. I could carry weight—I mean the weight of equipment. Lots of great sprinters can't carry weight. I don't know—I was said to be an imaginative signal caller. I called signals for three championship teams. I scored 13 touchdowns for the Packers in 1931, and that was a record for the time. But there were an awful lot of good men. I still say the electors were influenced by the so-called color of the so-called Vagabond Halfback."

Which you weren't, you said.

"I said I wasn't a Vagabond Halfback from Notre Dame. Ollie Kuechle, sports editor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, first called me a vagabond. There's a story connected with that. I was leaving New Richmond to report to the Packers one year and, as sometimes happened, I decided to ride the blinds on a freight-and-passenger train. Now, there was no direct train from New Richmond to Green Bay, but there was a connection at Amherst Junction. The connection got in and left a few minutes before the New Richmond train, unless a wire was received requesting it to wait for passengers. Before taking the freight, I sent such a wire and, when we got to Amherst Junction, the Green Bay train was waiting. I hopped off the blinds of one train and onto the blinds of the other. Along the way, the baggage-car door opened and the baggage man looked out and saw me. He said, 'Is that you, Johnny Blood?' I said yes. He said, 'Did you send that wire telling us to hold for a passenger?' I confessed that I was the party. He shook his head, but he invited me into the car, loaned me his razor and gave me half his lunch."

"Well, Ollie Kuechle heard about the incident. He told Curly he was writing a story about the Packers' Hobo Halfback. Curly was very proud of the Packers, and he asked Ollie if he couldn't avoid suggesting that the team employed hoboes. Ollie thought awhile and then proposed vagabond. Curly thought that sounded much more dignified. And that's the way it came out in the *Journal*

and was reprinted all around the league."

Johnny Blood got up from the bench and stretched.

Where to now, Coach?

"I am going to the University of Maine to observe the solar eclipse. Then I plan to visit the baseball shrine in Cooperstown, N.Y. and see what a Hall of Fame looks like."

Before you go, Coach, would you mind a few personal questions?

"No."

You are not married?

"I was married for 10 years. We came to a parting of the ways. But I have nothing but the highest admiration for the state of matrimony."

You move around a good deal. This takes money, Coach.

"Well, I have a competence from a trust fund."

What would you give as your occupation?

"Reading, studying, writing. Meditating. Once meditation was an honorable occupation. Today, it would appear on a police blotter as a form of vagrancy, I suppose."

Could you give just one sample subject of your meditation?

"Moby Dick. I think the whale could think. He could read your mind. Captain Ahab, another hero of mine, did not realize this; so he had the courage of ignorance, comparable, I should say, to the courage of a fullback playing his first season of professional football. He hurls himself against the line. But go back and look at him at the age of 30. He will not be hitting the line with quite the same abandon. For the courage of ignorance, he has substituted the restraint, the caution of a little wisdom."

He strolled away.

Johnny Blood McNally is obviously pleased and certainly very proud to be included in the first band of heroes whose heads have been sculptured and cast in bronze and will be placed on display in the Hall of Fame. In his wanderings up and down the land, meditating as he goes, he probably asks himself from time to time the question a horrified teammate called to him as he perched on a ledge eight floors up many years ago. The answer should come easy, even if he insists that he is the least worthy of the heroes who will look down on the pilgrims at Canton. For just as it was when Coach Curly Lambeau saw the figure come through his hotel window, it is Johnny Blood up there, this time up there to stay.

END





Illustrated by John Markham

A NEW SPORT: CAPTAIN- FISHING

Sport-fishing skippers are lured into service by offers of houses, sports cars—and even marriage

by **VIRGINIA KRAFT**

Not too long ago a popular indoor sport from Park to Worth Avenue and from Nob Hill to Bryn Mawr was a game called Cook-Stealing. It was played in deadly earnest. No subterfuge was too outrageous; no trick was out of bounds. The game is still being played today but in another form. In 1963 the big status symbol is not one's cook but one's sport-fishing captain. Never, in its brightest moments, did Cook-Stealing reach the heights, or depths, of skulduggery that Captain-Stealing has now attained.

In the small and select world of the deepwater sport fisherman, boat captains are being bribed to abandon ship (for another, of course) by promises of new sports cars, split-level homes, radar de-

continued

vees worthy of the U.S. Navy and other inducements ranging from private Medicare to public matrimony. One captain in West Palm Beach drives to work in a Cadillac Eldorado (his own); another is driven around by a licensed chauffeur (his boss's). In Brille, N.J., there is a captain who boasts that seven different hand-tailored dinner jackets hang in his closet, another claims twice that many jewels in his newly built Bahamian hide-away. One fisherwoman went so far as to offer herself in marriage in order to snag a captain. The only difficulty was that the captain-turned-husband then lost interest in running the boat.

This sudden lionizing of fishing captains is a direct consequence of the rapidly growing feminine interest in angling. As more and more women take to blue water, more and more captains become involved in the game of musical fighting chairs.

Around the smart clubs at Cat Cay and Bimini, Marathon and Nassau these days there is a drumfire of gossip speculation on who is trifling for whose captain—and what extra-sporting methods are being used this time. The accents may be Shipley or Miss Hewitt's, but the

dollar sport-fishing fleet that patrols the big-game waters from New Zealand to Nova Scotia are the heart of one of the most demanding—and expensive—of all sports. In most cases, these captains were born to the sea; in all cases they have married it. They are a 20th century version of the men of Hatteras and New Bedford. But instead of whales, they pursue sailfish and marlin, broadbill and bluefin. To land these trophies, no effort is too great, the sleekest and speediest boats with the newest and best equipment are used, and the fish are humied with an educated, precise knowledge of their habits and habitats.

But the captain does not pursue these fish for himself. He fishes for an employer. At the end of the week or month, he is paid a salary. More often than not, part of it goes toward the mortgage on a neat little ranch house in a neat little community not far from the sea.

Despite his wage-for-personal-service situation, the sport-fishing captain is not a servant. Neither is he socially on a level with his boss. Yet, depending upon the time and the situation, he may be expected to be both, sometimes simultaneously. One day he may be asked to mix the Martinis, the next day to help drink them.

"Some sportsmen are looking as much for companionship in a captain as they are for a fish guide," says Sonny Barr, captain of L. W. Ruebbling's 42-foot *Blue Fun II*. "They want someone they can take out to dinner who won't embarrass them in a good restaurant. And they want somebody they can trust."

Take Jackie Humes, who used to work for Bob Maytag. Jackie spent more time on land than at sea. Maytag never went anywhere in the islands without taking Jackie along. He liked yakkling and drinking with him. That was part of it. But he also knew he'd get back to the boat eventually with his wallet still in his pocket.

The strong, protective arm of a responsible boat captain is valued even more by women anglers who frequently travel

the tournament circuit alone. "When I'm staying in one of those island inns," says platinum-haired Mrs. James (Billie) Lynch, owner of the *Jays Up* out of Hillsboro, Fla., "I want my captain in the room next door. I don't care who talks about it. There are enough problems at a fishing tournament without my having to lend off drunks hammering on my door all night." Besides relying on his strong right arm after hours, Billie Lynch is quick to credit Captain Frederick E. Stone, better known as Punch, for a big part of her success in the major tournaments, where she has collected a shelf full of silverware.

"Everything depends on the captain," Billie admits. "Anyone who argues otherwise just hasn't fished. The captain is especially important in light-tackle fishing where the fish today is to use line that isn't much stronger than hair. Just remember that most of the record fish that have been taken on light tackle lately would probably still be swimming around if it hadn't been for some darned fancy work on the part of the fellow running the boat."

"Quite a few of them have been taken by women, too," Billie adds, "because women have learned to listen to the captain instead of assuming they know it all. Have you ever met a man who could afford a sport fisherman who would listen to a woman's advice on anything, especially on how to fight a fish? With the girls, it's a different story. They have been listening to men all their lives, so why stop now? The result is that women have been outfishing men, and the poor guys still don't have a clue as to why."

The captains, to the chagrin of some of their male employers, are the first to agree with Billie. With few exceptions, they claim that women are easier to teach, usually remain calmer when a big fish is on and are more likely to follow directions. The last point is a key one with fishing-boat captains, who are proud to the point of being defensive about their knowledge and experience. Nothing irks them more than an owner—especially an inexperienced one—who insists on playing captain every time he is aboard.

"Every owner has hired the man he thinks is the best captain to run his boat," says C. C. Anderson, who has been running George Bass's *Sunble* for 13 years. "But each evening he will come in and



descriptions are often deckhand-graphic.

Some of the gossip is true, as one gossamer proved to the satisfaction of the courts this winter. His wife wound up with the captain, but the husband walked off with the boat as well as the cook, the cars and the kids. The majority of tales that circulate, however, are simply fish stories, based to a large extent on the unique relationship a boat captain has with his employer.

The men piloting the multimillion-



ask everyone on the dock what is the right way to do something that the captain has been doing the right way for years. You should see some of the Rube Goldbergs they rig up.

"I remember being on a boat when the owner was told that the only way to catch fish was with a 30-foot wire leader. Nothing would do but that we rig 30 feet of piano wire onto the line. The next thing we knew we were into a school of tuna. Sure enough, one hit that wire, and two of us spent the next 25 minutes trying to pull it into the boat. Coils of wire were winding in every direction. Man, what a mess. We had bruised knees, cut hands and the cockpit was covered with blood. But the worst part was that we finally had to cut the crazy wire and let the fish go."

Humoring the boss is naturally part of the job, but the real business of being a captain is many times more complex. The captain is 100% responsible not only for running his boat but also for its upkeep and equipment. An average 36-foot sport fisherman costs about \$40,000 absolutely bare. Beyond this, the necessities for a topflight tournament boat—radar, electronic depth finders, Lozan, RDF, automatic scanners, transceivers and other complex devices—can cost another \$20,000 to \$30,000. Tack on about \$10,000 for fishing tackle, and the total price of a fully equipped sport fisherman is more like \$80,000. The showcase boats built by the Rybovich brothers in West Palm Beach cost well over that figure.

A man who owns this kind of gold-plated expects, justifiably, to find it in

first-class condition all the time, even if he does not use it more than 10 times in a year. Furthermore, a captain who consistently and carefully maintains a boat can cut its annual repair bills by 50%. To accomplish this the captain, whose salary ranges from \$7,500 to \$12,000 a year, must be an expert in a couple of dozen fields from diesel engineering to interior decorating. He has to know how to strip down a motor, take apart a reel, rewrap and varnish a rod, replace a fitting, connect a fuel line, remove a spot from the upholstery, scrape a bottom, filet a fish and freeze bait. When he hires a repairman or makes a purchase, he must be a combination foreman-comparison shopper who can decide whether the service is actually necessary, whether the price is right, whether the quality of the work is up to standard.

"A couple of years ago," recalls Bobby Haines, captain on George Schulmerich's *Sailfish*, "we broke a shaft in Nassau. The local boatyard told me they wouldn't be able to haul the boat for at least three months. I was due to meet my boss on one of the out islands in a week. I figured the only choice was to try to do the job myself. I called John Rybovich on the mainland, told him the problem, and he flew over a new shaft. Then I bought myself a mask and snorkel, went over the side and replaced the shaft. They called me frogman for months."

It is also the captain's job to keep the voluminous records, logs and accounts that are required on all boats. Each year

the Internal Revenue people are making this chore more complicated. Expenditures must be broken down in detail; everyone who has been aboard, regardless of the reason, must be listed; records must be kept of weather, miles traveled, water fished, catches made, fish released.

When his head is not deep in facts and figures, the captain may also be called upon to double as chef and, frequently, as ship's doctor. One captain estimates that 25% of his passengers suffer from *mal de mer*, and it has long been a question of who suffers most—the victim or the person who follows with a bucket. While other captains set the percentage somewhat lower, all agree they can spot a potential customer for the rail on the basis of build (chubby), age (under 12 or over 45) and personality (loud refusal to take any kind of anti-seasick pill). But none has figured out a surefire method of aiming the victims downwind at the critical moment.

No matter how well he does all his chores of maintenance and nurse-maiding, the captain ultimately makes—or loses—his reputation on two points: how often he finds fish and how skillfully he sees that they are caught.

"Any good yacht captain can run a



sport-fishing boat," says Jack Lance, captain of Ross Siragusa's *Suri III*. "After all, no one is going to trust a \$100,000 yacht to a gas-station attendant. But to find a yacht captain who is also a first-class fish guide is another thing. A well-rounded fish guide can fish anywhere, and if there are fish around, he'll find them and figure a way to catch them."

This is why the top captains are on the top boats today. An owner who goes out only 10 days a year wants to catch fish

continued

every one of those days, and he will settle for nothing less. Considering that each day may cost him somewhere in the vicinity of \$5,000, this is understandable. But from the captain's point of view, it can also be a nightmare.

"My boss called me from Detroit one day," C. C. Anderson recalls, "and he said that a very important business associate was going to be in Palm Beach for

contribute boats, captains, fuel and often the tackle.

With few exceptions, these captains are posed, gregarious, likable men who are easy to talk to and easy to be with. Most are in their middle 30s; some, like Bobby Haines's brother Dicky, captain of P. C. Barney's *Walkaby*, are as young as 24; and a few are in their 50s and 60s.

Only a handful of the older captains stayed in school past the primary grades but, among the younger ones, the majority are high school graduates. Several, like C. C. Anderson, Sonny Barr and Alfred Nathan, are college men. Regardless of formal education, the good sport-fishing captains, like good professional hunters, are well-read and articulate. They have to be, in order to converse easily with the varied personalities who come on board. Besides, when the boss doesn't want company, reading is a good way to pass the long, lone leisure hours aboard the boat when it is docked at a strange port.

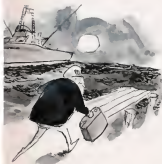
These long hours are one of the two major complaints of the fishing-boat captain or, perhaps more accurately, of his wife. "There never was a wife who could put up with the hours a captain has to keep," says Bill Staros of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. Staros' wife nevertheless does, in spite of the 14 hours a day her husband averages aboard the *Winkawag*, even when the boat is at home. Most other wives—the majority of captains, like Staros, are married and have children—put up with it, too, but the hours and the periods away from home do not necessarily promote marital bliss. "This kind of work is a real hardship on wives," says Jack Lance, who missed the birth of one of his three children when he was doing a 15-week stint in the Bahamas several years ago. In 1951 Lance spent five straight months in the Pacific on the George Vanderbilt Equatorial Expedition. These trips are not without danger. A few years ago, off the coast of Peru, Captain Clarence Fine and his son disappeared, along with the boat. Only a few scraps of wreckage were found. However, the vast majority of deepwater battles with thousand-pound gamfish are remarkably free of lethal accidents, and captains like Bobby Haines and C. C. Anderson have ranged without serious mishap from Florida to Panama, Venezuela, Colombia and Chile to Nova Scotia.

"That's the trouble with the privates,"

grows Frank Ardine, one of the few skilled captains who works for no one but himself. "The privates ain't never home. Me, I got a nice home. I like to live in it."

Ardine is a grizzled, wiry little man of 55 who speaks Brooklynese and brandishes a bosomy mermaid on his right biceps. He is one independent captain who still manages to make a good living. But when he started in the business 26 years ago, most of the best captains owned their own boats and were their own bosses. Today, it is the rare one who is successful on his own.

The exorbitant initial cost of buying and equipping a sport fisherman is only part of the problem. Just keeping it at a dock is expensive. Each of the boats moored at the Rybovich docks in West Palm Beach pays \$1,200 a year for the privilege of being part of the "Rybovich navy." To dock a boat at Hillsboro Inlet, farther south along the Florida coast, costs only \$385 a year. But on top of this is an additional annual charge of \$50 by the Hillsboro AIA Charter Fleet Association (which pays for local dock



a couple of days with his two sons. None of them had ever fished before. My boss said, 'It is imperative, I repeat imperative, that you take them out and catch them a sailfish.' The weather was wild. Wind howling, seas rolling. But it was the only day the fellow could fish, so out we went. The two kids got sick in the first half hour. We turned around and took them home. I had to hand it to the fellow. He was a gray-green color, but out we went again—waves breaking into the cockpit and all. Believe it or not, he caught five sailfish. That was one happy man when we hung them at the dock."

Many owners, like George Bass, maintain their sport fishermen as much for the use of friends and business contacts as for themselves. They not only enjoy showing off the quality and seaworthiness of their boats, but they also take an almost fatherly pride in their captains. Most owners are remarkably open-handed about offering the services of both. And most legitimate fishing tournaments would have trouble ever getting away from the docks were it not for the generosity of these same owners, who



advertising, billboards, the dock phone and electricity); other similar charges bring the annual total to about \$500.

These are all minor expenses when compared with heavy annual insurance and boat liability premiums, fuel bills (the engines on a sport-fishing boat run all the time when out), the cost of a mate (average \$16 a day) and the miscellaneous but staggering—up to 10% of the boat's value per year—costs of normal maintenance and repair. The

continued

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4. 36-23-36. Right?



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1. ☐ 7. ☐

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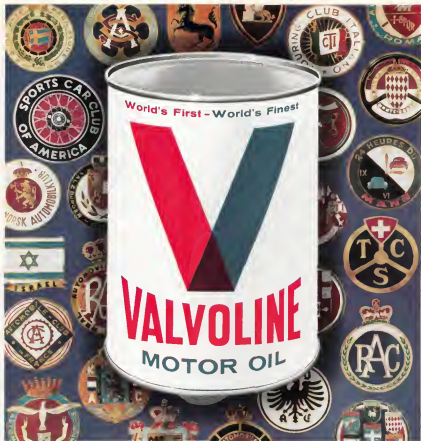
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\$85 to \$100 that the average boat earns on a day's paid charter might cover these expenses if the boat went out 365 days a year. It does not. The result is a pyramiding debt structure, which sooner or later may bankrupt anyone dependent solely upon his boat for a living.

"It's a loving battle," says Captain Stone. "Years ago all the wealthy sportsmen chartered to go fishing. Now they own their own boats, and when they are not fishing themselves they often charter them out. The independent captain doesn't have a chance against this kind of competition."

Many of the private boat owners charter not for the cash, but because they need to show tax-deductible reasons for owning their boats. They have no trouble finding customers, who are dazzled not only by the sheer luxury of the super-sport fishermen and the skill of the private captains, but also by the thrill of fishing—if only vicariously—with a famous boat owner. What auto dealer, for example, could resist the chance to tell the folks back home in Prairie City, Iowa about the day he spent on Benson Ford's *Omaké*?

The increasing popularity of private-boat charters has set up a current of resentment among the captains who are going it on their own. "The privates never live up to the charter boats," claims Frank Ardine, "because they don't do enough fishing. Me, I got to make a living, so I go out every day. And I catch fish." There are, in fact, few captains who catch so many fish, but Ardine's success financially is less certain. More than one dockside wag has suggested that he would be on somebody's payroll, too, if his wife were not a prosperous hairdresser.

Almost as good as having a money-

making wife is having an angel. Angels are wingless, wealthy people who for one reason or another do not want it known that they own or have an interest in a sport-fishing boat. Publicly, the boat is owned by the captain, who operates it as a regular charter craft. Privately, it is subsidized by the angel who may fish from it regularly, several weeks a year or, sometimes, not at all.

"Each deal is different," says Bill Staros, "but the trouble is that they are not always good deals. The best deal of all is to work on a boat that is owned by a corporation. Then you have real security. You get a good salary and all the benefits like Blue Cross and insurance. Even a pension plan. But these jobs are getting scarce now because the government is after corporations to get rid of their boats."

"The strictly private deals are a lot harder," Staros adds. "Sooner or later the boss starts wondering what you are doing on the days when he's not fishing. The next thing you know he has you mowing the lawn and painting the screens. Before long you are a combination chauffeur-captain taking the dog to the vet and the kids to dancing school."

"After all," says Mrs. Alfred Nathan, whose husband owns and runs the *Wendy H* out of Singer Island, Fla., "there really isn't any difference, you know, between driving somebody else's Rolls-Royce and driving his Rybovich." Mrs. Nathan can afford to wrinkle her nose at such a distasteful idea because she is not dependent upon charter fees. Her husband, a graduate of Lawrenceville and the University of Virginia, turned to charter fishing to relieve the boredom of coupon clipping.

For the average captain, however, the best and most logical means of catching

his fish and eating, too, is to work for somebody else. "Sure, I drive the car up to Detroit for the boss each season," says C. C. Anderson, "and I pick up the dog sometimes, too. But the boss also invites the wife and me to dinner and a show every now and then, and they treat us like members of the family. It's like a father-and-son relationship. If we didn't have respect for each other, it would never work out. Certainly there are some fringe disadvantages, but there are plenty of fringe benefits, too."

These fringe benefits can and often do include uniforms, hospitalization, insurance, paid vacations, travel and all expenses when away from home, Christmas and holiday bonuses, financial assistance with mortgages, school and medical bills, car loans and sometimes even the car. On top of such benefits are countless others less tangible but no less impressive, the glamour of an afternoon at the boss's pool, or an evening with the boss's wife at an exclusive island club, or just splitting a beer with the president of the biggest corporation in America. These repeated and sometimes intimate encounters with luxury, wealth and power—with a way of life normally limited to the very rich—are as much a part of the glamour of "going private" as the financial security of the job. It is not surprising that a few of the more impressionable young captains succumb to the unaccustomed grandeur, just as it is not entirely surprising that most of them look more like movie extras than fishing guides. And, after a day on the open sea under a warm tropical sun, it is not really so surprising that a few of the ladies in the fighting chairs find it more fun to angle for the captain—their own or somebody else's—than for the fish. This is all part of the sport. **END**





BIG SPLASH FOR BATH AND TENNIS

To the perennial ensigns of suburbia—station wagons, outdoor cooking, power mowers and children—it is time to add the bath and tennis club. In the past five years alone, 1,000 of them have been established in suburban and small-town America, ranging from six-family one-court cooperatives to the lavish facilities shown on these pages. The advantage of the bath and tennis club is that it is a truly family



BY FRANK DEFORD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD HEEN

In 62 uncrowded acres (stylized map at left), the Bath and Tennis Club offers many sports activities to members. The indoor tennis dome, housing two well-lit courts, is the club's particular pride.

recreation center—more so than adult golf clubs. At the club shown here, in Lake Bluff, on Chicago's North Shore, there is year-round tennis, swimming and squash, and ice skating 10 months a year. The club has a toboggan hill, a hockey rink, a sauna and seven cottages for residents such as Mrs. Teller MacArthur (above), sister-in-law of Actress Helen Hayes. The cottages rent for \$500 a month.

CONTINUED

BATH AND TENNIS colored





The North Shore club's showcase is its indoor courts, which top international players have called as good as any in the world. The building and two courts cost \$500,000, more than one-third of the \$1,300,000 spent on the whole club complex. (Smaller clubs have been built for as little as \$100,000.) When winter squeezes the members off their nine outdoor courts, club harmony dictates a sign-up schedule that spreads use of the two indoor courts as much as possible. It is not unusual for play to continue after midnight. The switch to indoor swimming is administratively less taxing: the 75-by-25-foot pool (right) is simply covered by an inflatable plastic bubble (cost \$8,000). As is true of most both and tennis clubs, the social life is a sideline to the athletic, and a serious sporting bent means more to the membership committee than social status. Dinners are held infrequently and entertainment is simple. Private parties are another matter, and the most lively ones are given by The Bachelors, a name that applies both to the hosts of the gathering at left and to the cottage they occupy.



CONTINUED

The bird sanctuary at right, the suburban home of more than 65 species, is a fascinating jungle for two junior members. It was the idea of Ronald Boardman, a partner in E. F. Hutton & Company, who is credited for the B & T's success. Boardman was so determined to keep it a sports-only club that early plans limited dining and drinking facilities to a snack bar. When a dining room was added, though, Boardman went all out the other way. He brought in a French chef and arranged to have food from Maxim's flown in before pure food laws stopped him.



The popularity of tennis challenges the club's other pros. At night, swimming instructor Wally Fort works his swimmers hard to establish a star system that will attract more children—like the young tennis buff above—to his teams. With 333 families, there should be enough kids to go around. One eager member says, "You couldn't get a better buy at the YMCA." Actually, initiation cost is \$660, and monthly dues \$42 per family.



Old Stonefingers—best show around Boston in years

Dick Stuart has captured Back Bay, sort of, by hitting home runs, fumbling ground balls and running his own TV sports program

In Boston last week after a night game Dick Stuart was interviewed on television in front of the dugout. The game had been over for 10 minutes and the ball park was half dark, but as the Red Sox first baseman and the announcer talked on camera, remnants of the crowd waited and watched and made loud, raucous comments.

"Attaway to hustle, Stu, baby!" a fan roared on the far side of the field.

"Never mind what they say, Stuart," yelled another. "You're good."

A third shouted in a perfect Boston accent: "He's not a ballplayer. He's a television staa."

The interview ended, the announcer wrapped up the telecast and Stuart started to walk off the field and down into the Boston clubhouse. As he did, a knot of people standing behind the dugout broke

into mocking applause. Stuart glanced up at them and smiled.

"My hecklers," he said cheerfully. "Other ballplayers have loyal fans. I have loyal hecklers."

Dick Stuart is the most fun Boston has had since the last time Ted Williams spit. "He's taken this town by—well, some kind of storm," said Bill Crowley, the Red Sox publicity man. "No one is indifferent to him. The other day we had a fight in the stands over him. A guy ran down to the fence with one of those popcorn-box megaphones and began to yell things at Stuart. He really poured it on. Dick looked over at him and said, 'Why don't you come out here and say that?' I started to phone the chief usher to have him get the fan out of there when another fellow, a big guy in a blue shirt, grabbed the one with the megaphone and belted

him. He wound up and hit him a couple of times. Stuart is out on the field going like this with his fist, as if to say, 'Attaway, give it to him.'

"They boo Stuart and they cheer him, but they come out to see him. He sells a lot of tickets for us. He even has his own TV show. Every Sunday night right after the news. *Stuart on Sports*. It has the best rating of any TV sports show in Boston."

Stuart is in his first year with the Red Sox, and his swift capture of both the affection and antipathy of the crowds at Fenway Park is based on 1) his ability to hit home runs, and 2) his inability to field ground balls. Stuart is a classic home run hitter, a big swinger who strikes out a great deal (the other day he struck out for the 121st time, a new Boston club record) but who hits the ball a long way when he connects. The Red Sox obtained him from the Pittsburgh Pirates last winter in an off-season trade, and they got him expressly to hit home runs over the short left-field wall in Fenway Park. Stuart has come through handsomely. Last week, to the delight of Boston's fans, he was the American League's leading home run hitter, and 23 of his first 33 homers had been made in Fenway. Now, in Boston, when Stuart comes to the plate, there is a noisy stirring in the crowd and spontaneous applause.

Stuart's fielding has lived up to its advance billing, too. In each of his five seasons with Pittsburgh, Dick led the National League first basemen—or tied for the lead—in making errors. This year he is way out in front among American League first basemen; as of August 24 he had 20 errors—the second worst fielder had nine. For these blunders, he is booed with extraordinary vigor.

The inclination to boo him for his bad fielding is helped along by Stuart's appearance, which on the field is one of nonchalance bordering on indolence. He wears his cap rather forward on his head, so that the visor seems to function like a pair of sunglasses. He appears startled when a ground ball is hit in his direction. His general attitude gives the impression that the idea of sudden and obvious effort is distasteful.

Yet, paradoxically, his awful fielding is part of the charm he holds for Boston fans. This may trace back to Ted Williams, a Boston hero who wasn't much of a fielder either. Or it may be simply that Stuart's presence turns a routine ground ball into something exciting.

continued



IN "STUART ON SPORTS," HOST (FACING CAMERA) INTERVIEWS TEAMMATE RADATZ



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After all, when a grounder is hit to other infielders, no one pays much attention. When one is hit toward Stuart the crowd sits up. If he handles it cleanly—which he often does—the crowd cheers. The crowd cheers when he catches a pop fly. One day it cheered when he fielded an errant piece of paper that was blowing across the infield. If he does bobble the ball the crowd boos, but if it is not a particularly damaging error the boos sound almost pensive, as though this was what the people had come to see, part of the show that is Dick Stuart. Even the nickname the players have given him and which the fans have picked up—Old Stonefingers—has a note of affection in it.

The booing doesn't seem to bother Stuart. "I have a controversial name," he said the other day. "Anything I say or do seems to attract attention. I don't mind. People know me, whether they like me or dislike me. That's probably why my TV show has been successful."

The television program created another of the controversies that bubble up so naturally around Stuart. A newcomer to the Red Sox, he was signed for the show before he had played so much as a single game for the club. This led to considerable needling from the other players and a word of caution from Red Sox Manager Johnny Pesky. "Dick," said Pesky, "are you sure you know what you're doing?" Stuart replied with pleasing candor, "No, John. I don't think I do."

But he went ahead with it, and after a shaky start, caused principally by his lack of professional experience, the show caught on. A staff announcer now handles the rundown of baseball news, and Stuart's main duty is to interview special guests, usually ballplayers. He has a good voice and he photographs well, and his producers are trying to arrange an extension of the program through the winter.

Whether they do or not, Stuart seems to have become a permanent part of the Boston landscape. Red Sox attendance is up almost 300,000 this season; and, while much of the credit for that must go to players like Carl Yastrzemski and Dick Radatz and the surprisingly good run the Red Sox made the first half of the season, a large and vocal segment comes primarily to see Dick Stuart. Boston likes home run hitters, and it likes them controversial.

END



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'It's not the money, it's the vindication'



Drawing by Arthur Schifano

So said Wally Butts, surrounded by family and lawyers, after winning an overwhelming libel verdict against *'The Saturday Evening Post'*

A dark cloud over football has been lifted," claimed Bernie Moore, commissioner of the Southeastern Conference, after a jury last week awarded Wally Butts a \$3,060,000 libel verdict against *The Saturday Evening Post*. Whether Moore is correct or not, this was not simply a libel suit. It was a case in which Georgians took sides against Georgians, and the repercussions of the verdict will be felt for months to come, particularly at the university.

The trial, the result of an article in which the *Post* accused Butts of giving Georgia football secrets to Alabama Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant, lasted 12 days, and for much of that time the walnut-paneled courtroom in Atlanta's Old Post Office Building reverberated with rhetoric. The attorney for the *Post*, Welborn Cody, adopted a folksy, face-rubbing stance, Bald and 64, he joked lightly about his age and lack of hair. He and the attorneys for Butts, William

Schroder and Allen Lockerman, spoke in draws that seemed to get deeper as the case wore on. The members of the all-male jury listened impassively, and when all the talking was over they brought in the second largest libel award in history.

The *Post* has announced it will appeal. The magazine is expected to file a motion with Judge Lewis Morgan for a new trial. Should its arguments be denied, the magazine then has 30 days to appeal to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. A failure there could lead, eventually, to an appeal to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, the magazine must pay 7% interest (\$586.85 per day) on the \$3,060,000 until it either posts a bond or pays off. Tax experts are uncertain as to how much of the award Butts will be able to keep.

The *Post* also has its difficulties with Bear Bryant, who is suing for \$10 million on the same article. The *Post* has asked that this case, which is scheduled to come up in federal court in Birmingham early

next year, be shifted to another city, on the grounds that local prejudice does not allow a fair trial.

In Atlanta the *Post* put up a surprisingly weak defense. About the only time the magazine scored was when Cody put Dr. O. C. Aderhold, president of the University of Georgia, and three other members of the athletic board on the stand as rebuttal witnesses. Asked if Butts's character and reputation were good or bad they replied, to a man, "Bad."

The accents grew even thicker as Cody, Schroder and Lockerman summed up. Each side had two hours. Wally Butts became Wally Butts, and Georgia was Jawjuh throughout. Cody still played it folksy. He referred to one witness as "a big strappy fine-lookin' young man who lives in Canon, Jawjuh." Lockerman took the first of the two hours allotted to the plaintiff. An ex-FBI agent who helped gun down John Dillinger, he was all fire and brimstone. He was "stunned and amazed" by Cody's opening address. "He talks about his bald head, Ricky Nelson, Dr. Kildare!" Lockerman exclaimed. "I feel sorry for him. He had a terrific burden, and he can't carry it."

Schroder, a onetime Notre Dame football player who got a law degree from Georgia, took up where Lockerman had left off. He began by saying that if Dr. Aderhold had been testifying for the university and not himself, he, Schroder, would get his diploma and send it back. He would take his watch, which he won as a prize, and send it back. Why, Schroder said, tugging at his pocket, he would even send back his Phi Beta Kappa key. Schroder was so carried away that toward the end of his speech Judge Morgan interrupted to remind him that he only had 10 minutes remaining. Schroder thanked the judge, resumed his orator's stance, raised a finger toward the sky, and his train of thought thrown off, thundered "Ten minutes!" instead of "Ten million dollars!" at the jury.

One of the high points of the trial came a few minutes later when Schroder concluded. His voice trailing off to a whisper, he solemnly intoned, "Someday, as must

happen to each of us, Wallace Butts will pass on where neither the *Post* nor anyone else can then bother him. Unless I miss my guess, they will put him in a red coffin with a black lid [red and black are Georgia's colors] with a football in his hands, and his epitaph will read, "Glory, glory to Old Georgia." In the front row of the courtroom Mrs. Butts and her three daughters sobbed.

When a court clerk announced the jury's verdict, Butts broke out crying. Schroder leaned over to him. "Let it come, Wally," he said. "Let it come, boy." Later Butts said, "I couldn't help it. It was six months rolling out of me. It's not the money. It's the vindication for all those folks that believed in me."

Butts had nothing but good will toward Dr. Aderhold, Georgia Football Coach Johnny Griffith and the other Georgia officials who had testified against him. "I wish them well," he said. After a late-night victory party, Butts and his wife drove back to his home in Athens, the site of the university. One of the first things he did was to buy a dozen loaves of stale bread at a bakery to feed the birds in his backyard. "I got used to doing it before the trial when I didn't have much to do," he explained. "There were times when I was nibbling on some of that stale bread myself." As for the future, "I never asked anyone for a job, but maybe I have the background to help a professional team," (Tex Schramm, general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, now says, "At the time the scandal broke, Butts was under consideration as a scout. The position has been filled, of course.")

In the tight little world of Athens, Ga., Wally Butts's victory has already had some effect. Johnny Griffith has fired John Gregory, the defensive line coach who was a walrus for Butts. But indignant alumni are starting to demand that Griffith himself go.

Pressure is also building up on President Aderhold, who was snubbed at the local country club after testifying. "They're dusting off a chair for a president emeritus," said one alumnus. Aderhold refused to discuss the case. "I believe in our system of courts," he said. "A verdict has been reached and the University of Georgia has no further comment."

END



Young Marty Feller likes this sport coat because it's rich, comfortable, stays neat, too. It's got "Orlon"

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HORSE RACING / *Whitney Tower*

*The best
colt is still
in the barn*

Some fair youngsters turned out for the Hopeful but better ones are waiting to make their debut

The Hopeful at Saratoga last week may not have proved much about this season's 2-year-olds, mostly because the best colts were not entered. Only seven went to the post, and one of them, Claiborne Farm's Duel, stumbled at the start, nearly tossing jockey Larry Gilligan and automatically eliminating himself from contention. What the Hopeful did clear up—maybe—was the status of the unbeaten Chicago-based colt, Amastar, who, after five straight wins, went off as the odds-on favorite. Amastar set all the early pace, but was overtaken in the stretch and beaten a length by Reginald Webster's Traffic in the mediocre time of 1:18 $\frac{1}{2}$. This was Traffic's second win in 10 starts and hardly suggests that he is about to take his place alongside such previous Hopeful winners as Whirlaway, Middle-ground, Native Dancer and Nashua.

The young division lost a potential star earlier in the season when undefeated Raise a Native was injured and permanently retired. Later, another stakes winner, Big Pete, was put to pasture for the balance of the year. Among those who didn't get to the Hopeful starting gate are Mr. Brick (winner of the Sapling), Breakspear, Delirium, Timbeau and Black Mountain. At Arlington Park Greentree Stable's Malicious, Raymond Guest's Chieftain and Rex Ellsworth's The Scoundrel are the class, and one of them should win the September 7 Arlington-Washington Futurity. It could be, in fact, that the Chicago colts are better than any as yet developed in the

continued



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HORSE RACING *continued*

East. The reason for this is that New York colts are as much as two months behind schedule because of the early-season coughing epidemic, and trainers hesitated to give them their first starts at Aqueduct.

After watching the 2-year-olds so far this summer, I believe that the champion of the lot may still be in the barn. Last year Chateaugay didn't even make his first start until October 17. His owner, John W. Gulbreath, isn't sure he has another Chateaugay in reserve, but the three he considers his best this year have not yet started. Write these names on your hatband: First Gleam (by Swaps), Saltville (by Tom Fool) and Seven Hills (by Ribot).

In the typically frantic world in which he seems to live—that hodgepodge of carefully calculated confusion—Jack Price was still on center stage. This time his (and everyone's) dear old friend Carry Back managed to make more news by not starting in the Washington Park Handicap at Arlington Park, Chicago than Crimson Satan did in winning it. And, believe me, there was confusion. On Saturday, the day of the race, Price felt some heat in CB's left ankle after the horse returned from a light gallop. X rays that were hurriedly read while still in wet form indicated the trouble was a strained ligament that had pulled a chip off the sesamoid bone. This would have meant the end of CB's comeback.

Price scratched his horse from the big race, of course, and next day every U.S. sports page ran a story about the latest—and final—retirement of Carry Back. But since all this involved Price, there was, naturally, a reversal of thought and action 24 hours later. Flown back to New York's Belmont Park, Carry Back was given more X rays, and this time the findings, read off dry negatives and in no particular haste, indicated "no sign of any fracture or bone chip, but merely some minor tearing to the distal sesamoid ligament. The leg will recover."

Newly exhilarated, Price (his bags had been packed in readiness to invade Kentucky in search of a new home for his stallion) went off into an orbit from which came a signal, loud and clear, beeping, "CB will be back in training within a week and we'll point for the United Nations on September 14." Oh, if only CB could tell us how he feels about it all!

END

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a poster by Michael Rana

horses, rats that leap like Ralph Boston and a bird that is *sui generis*—the roadrunner, relative of the cuckoo, killer of snakes and general lunatic of the desert.

You can start a Colorado River fishing trip at the mouth of the river, but then you may run into the same problems faced by Ulloa when, under a Spanish flag in 1539, he sailed up the Gulf of California, took one look at the salty waste, the huge tidal bores and the oven-hot desert and announced that this was a good place to get away from fast, and did.

It is better, safer and more comfortable to start 500 miles north in the clear waters running through Black Canyon below Lake Mead. Twenty miles south of Hoover Dam, the river rounds a bend and comes upon two of the Colorado's natural wonders: the Crazy Canoe Cove Camp and Guide Tom Jester. The camp, run by Glenn Massey, calls itself HEADQUARTERS FOR FISHERMEN, HUNTERS AND ALL OTHER FANCY LIARS. The camp's slogan is: "They'll be hitting tomorrow," and a sign on the wall advises that ALL FISHERMEN ARE LIARS EXCEPT YOU AND ME AND SOMETIMES I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT YOU. The refrigerator stocks 20 different kinds of beer, most of them imported, and the dinner menu includes such delicacies as "tuna fish and strawberry jam sandwich, 60¢" and "peanut butter and dill pickles, 50¢."

Crazy Canoe Cove is the hangout of Tom Jester, once the sheriff of Kenosha, Wis. Jester developed asthma and came out to the Colorado "to see if I could have a little fun before the end of the line." He promptly regained his health and now, at 68, has become as conventional as the Colorado River, which is to say he is wildly unpredictable. For example, he fishes for trout with cheese. Not just any old cheese, but that 200% American cheese, Velveeta. "I've tried other kinds, but Velveeta stays on the hook best, and the trout seem to like it," he explains, thus reducing Camembert, Bel Paese and Port Salut to the status of inferior baits.

Armed with half a pound of Velveeta and a box full of fancy lures, I went out on the river to fish with Jester and learned quickly that he knows his cheese. After fishing with bucktails, streamers, plugs, spoons, flies and the kitchen sink, I ruefully attached a tiny gold treble hook, covered it with Velveeta, made a sloppy roll cast, and promptly pulled in a foot-long rainbow trout.

Before wearying of this avant-garde fishing technique, I nailed seven more trout in an hour. They were all small; some fought with the toughness of their breed, and some in the lack-

COLORADO JACKPOT *continued*

luster manner of the hatchery, which was their finishing school. Every now and then there would be the most delicate wiggle of the flyrod's tip, followed by a more positive wiggle, followed by a yink, and out would come a one- or two-pound carp, strange Colorado River bedfellows of the rainbows. In the clear water of Black Canyon these gefüllte fish on the hoof are abnormally healthy and, perhaps inspired by the company they keep, put up a strong fight. One leaves them for the vultures and coyotes.

This Nevada section of the river is a sort of prototype of the whole stretch from Hoover Dam south through Needles, Calif. and Parker Dam, through Blythe, Calif. and Yuma, Ariz., and on to the Gulf. The water comes out of the base of Hoover Dam, 257 feet down, at a steady temperature of 52°-55°, just right for trout, which are as particular about water temperature as old ladies taking their evening bath. For 20 or 30 miles below the tailrace of the dam, trout abound. But then the fairly fast flow of water through Black Canyon runs into Lake Mohave, a warm and lazy bass lake, and a piscatorial phenomenon occurs. The cold water flows under the warm water, the warm water slides over the cold and the result is a sort of rolling motion that brings up vegetation from the bottom. On certain days this moss forms a visible line across the river. One stops his boat in the moss, casts upstream for trout and downstream for bass. Says Jester: "It isn't always that fine a line, but I've seen the day when you could put your hand in cold water on one side of the boat and warm water on the other."

The same fishing conditions exist, more or less, all the way down the Colorado. After Hoover Dam, which forms Lake Mead upstream and 30 miles of chilly water downstream, comes Davis Dam, which forms Lake Mohave upstream and 15 miles of trout water below. The pattern continues through three more major dams, although the trout fishing dies out almost completely on the last 200 miles of the river because of the blowtorch heat of the desert. Almost everywhere there are channel catfish ranging up to 30 pounds, good to fight and good to eat.

Almost as ubiquitous as the catfish are the water skiers, sworn enemy of the dedicated fishermen. To a man accustomed to, say, the Lakes of Westchester County, N.Y. (no motors, no water skiing, no speedboating, no admittance whatsoever except fishing under permit), these broad Colorado River lakes can be unsettling. The young studs tool over from Los Angeles, dragging powerful boats behind them, their water skis jutting from the car. They hit Havasu Lake like lemmings, and turn it into a Sunday afternoon Battle of the Coral Sea. In Martinez Lake just above Yuma, the war between the water skiers and the fishermen is said to have been resolved amicably. The fishermen stuck to the backwater sloughs and the skiers to the channels. But no one has explained how the fisherman is supposed to get to the





sloughs without using the channels, a process roughly equivalent to crossing the Ohio Turnpike on a broken tricycle. The most refreshing trend has begun on parts of the river controlled by the Department of the Interior. There water skiers are restricted to zones, and if they slash their huge wakes out of their zones they stand in peril of getting a Bass-Oreno right between the eyes.

Another fight rages on the river for irrigation and drinking water. Almost every inch of the Colorado has been the scene of tooth-and-pail battles by the thirsty states on its banks. Once the sovereign State of Arizona dispatched warriors equipped with machine guns to force California to stop work on Parker Dam, which was built as a diversionary dam to tip water toward Los Angeles, 225 miles away. The legal squabbling has filled volumes of jurisprudence, but for the moment Arizona appears to have won greater satisfaction in the high courts than California.

Meanwhile, the game wardens of both states, aloof to such minor matters, have been busily working together to improve the fishing and hunting. The most dramatic step came in 1954, when a prolific forage fish from Tennessee, the threadfin shad, was introduced to the river. Almost immediately the game fishing improved; bass became fatter and trout grew faster. The threadfins have now become the staple diet of the river. Says an Arizona wildlife manager: "Some mornings the lake is covered with 'em. Drillions of 'em. Looks like wind on the water. Then you'll see those big rainbows cruising through the schools, stuffing themselves. Once I caught a rainbow with 36 shad in his stomach, some of 'em still kicking."

There is a minnow in the river that will never be eaten by trout or bass. The squawfish, sometimes mistakenly called California salmon, is a native of the Colorado. He is the largest of the minnows, up to 60 pounds, a predatory fish with a head like a pike and a toothless mouth. In the 19th century the squawfish was an important food fish on the Colorado; now his numbers have dwindled. But every now and then one will turn up, to the puzzlement of the fisherman. California Warden Larry Redfern recalls a few months ago when a fisherman took a 34-pound squawfish and became convinced that he had broken the world's record for largemouth bass. "He had our department in an uproar," Redfern says, "until we finally went out and identified it."

The wardens also are called upon now and then to identify a striped bass, a few of which remain from experimental plantings made several years ago. The stripers do not seem to have caught hold, but fish up to 20 pounds have been taken from the original plants. As if this finny cornucopia were not enough, there are also strange specimens like the greaser blackfish, the

continued

COLORADO JACKPOT


hardhead, humpback suckers and humpback chubs, bonytails and the breamlike tilapia, imported from Africa, as well as the more familiar fish, bluegills, crappies and smallmouth bass.

And there is the soft-shelled turtle. It weighs up to 30 pounds and can be turned into a seven-course dinner by an expert with the carving knife. Depending on what part of the soft-shell turtle you are eating, it tastes like veal, pork, beef, turkey and several other flavors. The only problem is that the soft-shell turtle has a vicious bite, a rapierlike neck and the distinct impression that the human being is also a tasty morsel.

Nor will the terrestrial animals of the lower Colorado River basin win any awards for normalcy either. Jester has fished almost a whole morning accompanied by a lynx, usually one of the shyest of animals. "Wherever I went, he went," Jester says. "He followed me along the bank just as if I was another lynx." Wild burros, descended from the faithful old companions of prospectors, roam the desert in packs all the way down to the mouth of the river, finding sustenance where man would perish in a few days. They prefer the back country, away from the broad highway of the river, because they have become as frightened of their old friend and employer as the wildest coyote. But now and then a pack of 20 or 30 will be seen at the river's edge, refueling. One jack burro, usually the biggest, will take his stance at an observation point, and at the first sign of human entrenchment he will let out a snort, and the whole pack will vanish up a draw. When a crew of burros takes over a water hole, no other animals need apply; the stubborn little animals will drive them away.

All along the cliffs and buttes of the river, Desert Bighorn sheep stand watch. They are America's rarest big-game trophy, and the extent to which they are protected may be seen in the legal bag limit: "one per lifetime." There are a couple of dozen breeds





of rattlesnakes, including the sidewinder, which has to wriggle sideways to get a purchase in its sandy home. And there is the Gila monster, glamour boy of the American lizards. The thing to remember about the poisonous Gila monster is that he is protected by law from you, but you are not protected by law from him. He is more interesting to watch than to be bitten by.

Almost all the larger animals and birds of the Colorado basin owe their existence to the ability of small creatures like lizards and desert rats to eke out an existence where nature is less than bounteous. They are staples of diet for the coyote and the lynx, for the roadrunner and the hawk. The kangaroo rat needs no water at all. It feeds on dry seeds, and if domesticated and provided with water, will ignore the refreshment. The kangaroo rat's body makes the small amount of fluid it needs by metabolic conversion of carbohydrates.

Long aware of its prime position on the bills of fere of snakes and hawks, the kangaroo rat tries to make its life last as long as possible. Its long tail acts as a spring, and when an enemy comes near the kangaroo rat is likely to fly into the air in one prodigious six-foot leap. The chuck-walls, a large lizard also popular with the desert diners, takes a different tack. Chased, he wedges himself into a crevice, then inhales deeply, jamming himself into every cranny with his tough skin. The Indians solve this problem with a sharp stick. The gridiron-tailed lizard stays alive—sometimes—by sheer speed. When it sees an enemy, its barred tail waves in the air, and then it is gone, traveling across the desert at speeds up to 15 mph, which doesn't sound like much until you try to figure out which way it went. Natives call the gridiron-tailed lizard "The desert racehorse."

One fishes in company with these creatures all the way down from Black Canyon through lakes Mohave and Havasu, to the warm-water bass lakes, Martinez and Ferguson. Then one steps through the looking glass into Mexico and its inhospitable stretch of water as is to be found in North America.

continued





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COLORADO JACKPOT *continued*

In many ways, this is the most fascinating part of the Colorado River, but only in the sense that the fangs are the most fascinating part of a rattler.

By the time the river spills across the border into Sonora, the states of California and Arizona have scooped most of the water out to refresh the rich Imperial Valley and provide water for hundreds of cities. For 80 miles into Mexico the river is narrow and shallow and heavily silty. There are a few catfish and an occasional "ten pounder," a salt-water fish that moves up from the Gulf to spawn. But mostly there is desert: hundreds of square miles of it, scored and scarred by the washes and draws of the old Colorado, which plowed into the Gulf by a thousand different routes until man tamed it with his big dams.

One travels past ruins of old cultures, fields of lava from extinct volcanoes, geode beds crusted with wulfenite, fire agates, quartz crystals and fossils of dinosaur bones. Dust devils vacuum-clean the desert floor, if you perch on the edge of a mesa, you can sometimes see hundreds of them dancing across the desert. Greasewood, ironwood, mesquite and tumbleweed hang on for dear life, and the heat is so intense that almost all the animal life is on the night shift, spending the days in burrows two or three feet below the surface in air-conditioned privacy. Here and there are the parched bones of a "wetback," fallen on his way to seek work in the fertile Imperial Valley without benefit of visa, pressed on by hunger and trapped by the Great Desert.

Would anyone but a wetback attempt to cross this scorching desert so hostile to life? Of course. A fisherman would. It is impossible to spend more than a few days in the jumping-off place of Yuma without getting the itch to head down to the river mouth, because wherever Colorado River fishermen gather, they talk unceasingly about the mysterious fish that live there. And mostly they talk of the totuava, the largest of the weakfish or croaker family, which sometimes run up to 300 pounds. The totuava, they say, swims into the mouth of the Colorado, feeding on crabs and shrimp and baitfish, and it can be caught from

the shrimp boats that lie along the beach.

Being a bona fide fisherman and psychopath, I succumbed to this siren song and headed south out of Yuma one morning to see for myself, accompanied by an equally demented friend. We crossed the border into San Luis and on the advice of locals hired two Mexicans. Lorenzo, because he spoke English and could act as interpreter, and Rodrigo, because he knew "all about" our destination: the fishing village of El Golfo at the mouth of the river. A few miles down the road, Lorenzo's facility in English became obvious. He pointed to Rodrigo and said, "Him say road more best than before. Him say him have nice time." As for Rodrigo, him merely sat there gazing the sparse supply of soft drinks we had laid in against the possibility of getting stuck in the desert.

The paved road ran out at Rinto, a small town 20 miles below the border, and now we were on sand. Everybody had said our 1963 superduper, low-slung automobile would get stuck, and everybody was right. We went over the top of a rise at about 30 miles an hour and then plopped into a bed of sand three feet deep. An hour later we had dug the car out; that is, my friend and I had dug the car out, while our two hired hands had watched and admired our industry. It was a two-hour drive across the desert, and we arrived in El Golfo shortly after noon.

The desolation of El Golfo became instantly apparent as we came near. The tide was out, exposing miles of clean brown sand and salty tidal flats, and standing boldly in the flats, eating marooned crabs, were three coyotes. The coyote, as everybody knows, is not exactly the Perle Mesta of the animal world. You can live for years surrounded by coyotes and never see one. But here they were, starkly visible, within a quarter mile of the "town." When we pulled in, we saw why. El Golfo is supposed to have 375 residents, but 370 of them must have been taking their siesta. A few children played on the beach, and a hefty *sereno* was on duty at the Cafe Rinto, where chickens clean up the floor after (and during) dinner, and where the walls are a mélange of religious pictures, scenes

of wildlife and photographs of nudes.

Rodrigo walked us down the road to find a fisherman who would take us out for the giant totuava. Stepping around the decayed heads of the totuava, which residents merely fling out the window after cleaning the fish, we came to an adobe shack where a grizzled Mexican worked lazily on the starting mechanism of his boat. Rodrigo talked to the fisherman; words and arms flew, the conversation waxed and waned for 10 minutes in the broiling sun. Finally there was silence.

"What did he say?" I asked Lorenzo.

"Him say no fishing today."

"Por qué?"

"Him say boat not nice today."

Rodrigo turned up two more fishermen, but their boats were not nice either. Meanwhile my friend and I went down to the beach where we saw the heads of huge totuava, several desiccated sharks and a ray with a wingspan of about four feet. We were ready to wade into the river mouth and attack the fish barehanded when Rodrigo announced that he had found a boat for us. We waited for an hour while the skipper went out to his shrimp boat, at anchor in the estuary, examined it and returned to tell us that it would probably sink if he took it out into the river mouth.

Now, after a glorious day's nonfishing, it was time to go back across the desert to Yuma. We were mired in the sand five more times, ran out of gas, ran out of soft drinks (courtesy of Rodrigo) and ran out of patience. That evening we discovered that we had fallen prey to the most common of the *tourista's* ailments, as a result of which each of us can now run the 100-yard dash in 9.5.

But the next day my friend and I, dedicated fishermen to the end, were in ecstasie agreement that we had had a fascinating and worthwhile trip. Some would not agree, but they would not be fishermen. We had caught something as important as fish; we had caught fish stories. Fish are perishable, like those totuava heads rotting in the sun. But fish stories abide forever.

And you can always catch them on the Colorado River.

END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—Behind the pitching of youngster Dave Johnson, GRIK-NADA HILLS, Calif., crumpled in a 2-1 extra-inning victory over Springfield, Conn., to win the 17th Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa. Scholastic son of the Granda Hills coach, struck out 16, walked one and batted up only two hits, while Jimmy Walker hit a solo hit to drive in Fred Seely with the winning run. It was the third straight title for the state of California.

TULSA shot Puerto Rico 4-0 in Farmington, N. Mex., in the 1984 Little League World Series, while CHARLOTTE, N.C., defeated San Jose, Calif. 7-3 to take the Citi League World Series in Williamsport, Pa.

BASKETBALL—Paced by Jack Twyman's 18 points and Oweel Robertson's playmaking, the West won with straight MAUIKE STOKES' head-on game by downing an East NBA all-star team 77-61 in Monticello, N.Y. A crowd of 1,300 contributed nearly \$6,000 to the fund for Stokes, the former Cincinnati Royal star, who has been hospitalized with a brain disease since March 1979.

GOLFING—At the 10-day annual amateur championships in Northbrook, Ill., JIM ROSSER of Chicago successfully defended his title, while EDITH JOHNSON of Buffalo again defending champion Nancy Burghart in the women's division.

BOATING—In major class championships MAYNARD MEYER of Peasack, N.J., upset defending two-time champion HARRY (Bugs) Mager to win the National Class I race while WILLIS ROYCE of Long Beach, Calif., won the North American Ocean championship, and HENRY SCHULTER of North American 5-8.5 mile MOKT BIRMINGHAM of Boston Bay, Mass., took the third national title. Championship, ED WALSH of Delancey, N.J. defeated 40 opponents to win the national Tackle event, and co-owner JIM BULLCONE and CHUCK MARFIS took the national catamaran title.

FOOTBALL—In an NFL exhibition game, Herman Terry winner and 34 Sportsman of the Year, Terry Baker, made a spectacular play from a starting, drawing a critical fourth-down stop down past game LOS ANGELES a 20-17 victory over Dallas before 20,344 fans at the Los Angeles Coliseum. GREEN BAY served a close start and came back in the second half to down Chicago 24-7 for its 17th straight victory over the Bears. Quarterback RALPH WRENNER stated that way, but Baker, a rookie Grady Wadkins led a 10-yard field goal with six seconds left to give the Colts a 17-14 triumph over Pittsburgh. DETROIT, with Reserve Quarterback EARL MURPHY passing for one touchdown and scoring another, defeated St. Louis 25-17, while PHILADELPHIA made good use of the passing of Steve Jergensen to win 20-10 over KPHB, in Tacoma, Washington. At 11, MEXICO CITY's Ford

Cox kicked a last-second field goal to open New York 17-16, and CLEVELAND's Randall San Francisco in their straight loss 24-7.

In ABL exhibition games, KANSAS CITY donated Denver 30-16, BUFFALO beat Boston 22-15, SAN DIEGO defeated Houston 21-3, and CARLEND trounced the Rapids, New York Jets 43-16.

GOLF—At the 43rd Women's Amateur Championship in Williamsport, Miss., ANNE GUEST WELLS, a Miami, Fla., high school senior, scored birdies on the 10th and 11th holes, and a 2 and 3 put beat Heyward Papp, only, the youngest female, since the turn of the century, 2 and 1 to win her third (1958 and 1961) annual title (over 140).

"After being hit five years, it feels terrible to finally be the international champion," said newly LON EVERSON, 17, of La Crosse, Wis. He had just found a three-iron shot 69 to win the 18th International Junior Chamber of Commerce golf tournament by seven strokes with a four-under-par 282 in Midland, Texas.

Junior ROBERT FOTT, 27, scored his first tournament victory of the year when he shot a four-under-par 276 and beat Arnold Palmer by four strokes to win the \$50,000 American Golf Classic in Akron. Palmer's second-place money of \$4,600 boosted his total earnings to \$101,555, making him the first golfer in history to go over the \$100,000 mark in one year.

Earlier in the week PALMER beat Phil Rodgers by five strokes and Jacky Curet by seven in a playoff for a berth in the World Series of Golf as he hit his most back-to-back, Julius Barnes and Bob Charles for the \$50,000 first prize.

HAWAIIAN RACING—COFFEE BREAK (\$1,601, with George Smith in the sky, pulled away in the twelfth and won the \$12,000 Empire Pacific Yachters by 1 1/2 lengths over Adora's Ocean Coffee. Break paced the 1 1/2-mile distance for the first time in career and slipped 3/4 of a second off the track record with a 2:39 1/2 clocking.

At Sportsman's Park in warm-up races for The Handicapper, Keith Wadley drove CHOB, 10 (125,000) to an upset photo-finish over favorite Glades Hatter in his \$15,000 American National Saker. Saker ACT, handled by Jim Shumaker, beat The Major to the wire by 2 1/2 lengths in the \$6,073 Breeder's Fifty Stake.

HORSE RACING—TRAFFIC (\$17,600, with Manuel Yano, ahead, beat favorite and previously undefeated Amateur to the wire by a length to win the \$111,373 Hoofbeats Stakes at Saratoga (over 40).

The victory, worth \$72,393.75 to owner Reginald N. Walker, with Traffic's second in 10 weeks.

Webb Curry Back withdrawn because of a sore ligament.

ment in his left ankle, CRIMSON SATAN (\$5,000, under Herberto Hernandez, pulled from last place and outwitted a class of four to win the \$415,150 Washington Park Handicap at Arlington Park over Papper's Son.

HOVER SPORTS—British world champion GRAHAM HILL, drove an Italian Ferrari across the finish line a mere six lengths ahead of opponent Mike Parkes, also in a Ferrari, in the 28th Royal Automobile Club Tourist Trophy (over 100 miles) at Silverstone. It was the fourth straight year that the Italian factory had won the T.T. race, the oldest of its kind in the world.

SHOOTING—At the one-day 64th Grand American, Saphron in Vandana, Ohio, ALBERT O. REES, a 60-year-old Woodstock, Ind. resident who had never won anything before in standstill shooting, shared 100 straight targets to win the sports' biggest prize—the Grand American Handicap.

SWIMMING—The powerful UNITED STATES swimming team again defeated Japanese Olympians, by taking 11 of 13 events at the meet in Osaka. Three world records were bettered as California's Don Schellander, 17, broke his pending world 300-meter freestyle mark by 1/4 of a second with a 1:58.4 clocking. The U.S. 400-meter medley relay team stroked the distance in 4:04.1 (shotput) 1/4 second off the world record, and Philadelphia's Carl Robb, 18, once again gained the world 200-meter butterfly away with a 2:08.3.

TENNIS—Reporting their Davis Cup Set 154, Aug. 15, DENNIS RALSTON and CHUCK MCKINLEY outlasted defending champions Rafael Osuna and Antonio Panatis 5-7, 4-6, 5-7, 6-3, 11-9 to win the National Doubles title at the Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline, Mass. Against MARGARET SMITH and ROBYN EBERN came back from a first set loss to surprise defending mixers Darlene Hard and Maria Bueno 4-6, 10-8, 6-3 in the women's championship. In the men's upset down, WILLIAM F. TALBERT, 44, and GARDNER MULLOY, 45, beat Channery D. Steele Jr. and Nicholas Pietrangeli 6-4, 6-4.

TRACK & FIELD—"I knew one of these days 17 feet was going to look like 16 and it couldn't happen in a better place than here at home," said JOHN PENNELL, 25, after breaking the world pole vault record for the sixth time in his career. A leap of 17 feet 1 1/2 inch in Miami (see page 61). The Northern Louisiana State College star is the first person to clear 17 feet. New Zealand's BILL BELLIE, 26, at a meet in Auckland, shattered two world records in more than a decade ago by Canadian athlete. He broke the 20,000-meter run in 59:38.5, bettering the old 1991 record by more than 23 seconds and crushing his rival, runner, covered 12 miles and 900 yards. This was 151 yards further than Zappala's old mark.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

10—JIM 11, 12—Judy Allen 16, 17—Charles Tinsley—Miami News 19—Steve Spadaro—Rock Star 20—Judy 24—map by Richard L. Jones 42—Bill Thurston 43—AP 45, Harry A. Wolfson 48—Bert Tinsley.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DICKIE WALDEN, a 15-year-old Columbia, Mo. pitcher, set a record of sorts in recreation league play by throwing four no-hitters and losing all of them. He finished the season with a 2-5 losing mark, even though he struck out 119 hits and gave up only 13 hits.



MALIN BURNHAM, a former world Star champion, skipped the K-40 class speed Femur into the lead at the start and held position over a 13-mile ocean course to win the 48-year-old San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Cup for the San Diego Yacht Club.



IRENE EPPENAUER, 15, of Peos, Texas, who has been riding since she could walk, won the pole bending and breakaway roping events and was named all-round cowgirl over more than 100 other girls at the U.S. high school championship rodeo in Tarlock, Mo.



MAX HEMPT, 43, Meubachburg, Pa., Standardbred breeder who carries more than 250 pounds on his 6-foot 7-inch frame, scored big goals for a nearby polo team in victory. Hence, who had played only once in 10 years, was a last-minute substitute.



ABDEL LATIF ABU HELIQ, a 34-year-old Egyptian who stroked across the English Channel three times, plunged into Lake Michigan in Chicago and 34 hours, 45 minutes and 40 miles later emerged in St. Joseph, Mich., the winner of a \$15,000 race.



JULIE MELDMAN, 17, of New York, became the first Easterner since 1939 to win the U.S. girls' 18-and-under team sprint championship when she blazed California's non-seeded Jane Albert off the course in straight sets, 6-3, 7-5, to take the title over 94 others.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER The first time, in 1957 someone named Willie Schmidt was pitching. Then there was Herman Wehmer, Moe Drabowsky, Ernie Johnson, Art Schroll and Jim Brewer. Naturally there was Roger Craig. And Glen Hobbie, Barney Schultz, Larry McDaniel, Joe Moeller, Jack Sanford and Lou Burdette. In July it was McDaniel again, and last week it was McDaniel for the third time. The game between the Pirates and the Cubs was in the ninth inning. The score was tied, the count 3 and 1. A fast ball came across the levers, and Pittsburgh's Jerry Lynch hit the 15th pinch home run of his career. The blast broke George Crowe's record and also won the game. But then five of Lynch's 15 big hits have won games—pretty fair clutch hitting. In 1961 he hit .404 in the pinch, driving in 25 runs on 19 hits. He is five for 11 this year with seven RBIs, including a two-run single last week. Four days before, to remind everyone he wasn't born in the ninth inning, he hit a homer as a starter.



JERRY LYNCH

THE TEAM Milwaukee Manager Bobby Bragan was feeling frisky. His club was in the midst of a surge that brought 10 victories in 12 games, moving the Braves into the first division for the first time since mid-May. Poking fun at one of the most belabored clichés in baseball, Bragan said, "I've got a bright idea, maybe even brilliant. We'll play them one at a time and just see what happens." What happened was that the Braves continued to win, beating the Dodgers twice. Warren Spahn picked up two of the week's five victories. The day he was to start against L.A., Spahn warmed up by portraying a German sergeant in a television episode of *Cosbar*. An onlooking Brave offered him this advice: "Pull the pin out of the grenade before you heave it, dumbkopf." That night Spahn, as smart as they come when it is time to throw a baseball, subdued the Dodgers 6-1. In Milwaukee people were talking. A survey showed that while the Braves were striving to catch their attention, the men of Milwaukee were talking first about taxes, second the racial situation and third about the Braves. To Bragan, not long removed from eighth place in the NL, a third-place finish any where seemed encouraging.

THE PLAYER On his way to first base after being hit by one of Gary Bell's pitches, Joe Peptone of the Yankees said a few choice words to the Indian pitcher. Bell retaliated, calling Peptone by a name not listed on the roster. Peptone headed for Bell, only to be grabbed by Cleveland First Baseman Fred Whitfield. In a matter of seconds Peptone had flipped Whitfield to the ground and had delivered at least one good punch. Later in the clubhouse, Mickey Mantle, playing the role of the frightened servant, waited on Peptone hand and foot, bringing him a beer, then offering to shine his shoes. Through it all, Peptone did not neglect his baseball. During the week he banged out 15 hits and had eight RBIs. Once he ranged far down the right-field line for a foul ball, spinning around at the last instant to make the catch. By the end of the week Bell was not the only pitcher calling Peptone names, though others learned to speak softly unless they carried a big first baseman.



JOE PEPTONE

THE TEAM The Tigers were last in May, and still so bad in June that they got Manager Bob Scheffing fired. In his place they got Charlie Dressen, and Charlie got the Tigers moving. Last week, Detroit won five of six, making it 18-7 for August and 37-30 for Charlie. The whole thing made Dressen bubble over, and he was already making was-till-next-year noises. He celebrated wins by cooking and serving his own recipe for chili or bean soup, and his office was filled with 46 crates of fruits and vegetables that he had brought from L.A. Visitors were provided with bags to help themselves to anything but the avocados—Dressen had them in a corner. While the avocados were ripening, Hank Aguirre opened a home stand by pitching a two-hitter. Then the hitters made 25 runs to sweep a doubleheader. Al Kaline came back to action after missing three games because of a strained ligament, and took right after Red Sox Carl Yastrzemski's batting lead with three hits, the last of which beat Kansas City in 13 innings. With Kaline hot, the talk was of fifth, which would salvage something of the dismal season. It was enough, anyway, for Dressen to break out the avocados.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	HITS	OFF	HR	OFF	HR	SO	OPP
MILWAUKEE	5	1	60	46	6	2	35	14	
PHILADELPHIA	4	2	43	42	3	3	37	37	
PITTSBURGH	4	2	57	43	6	2	36	38	
LOS ANGELES	3	3	40	41	1	2	35	43	
SAN FRANCISCO	3	3	44	63	3	6	21	36	
ST. LOUIS	3	3	54	41	7	0	36	35	
CHICAGO	3	4	42	55	9	10	35	39	
INDIAN	2	2	29	29	1	0	36	23	
NEW YORK	1	5	44	44	4	4	40	27	
CINCINNATI	1	5	36	53	3	4	31	37	

THE SEASON*	W/L	PERCENTAGE OF TEAM WINS	MOST LOSSES
LOS ANGELES	Forward 1 per 36	Koolha 25.0	Synalade 14
SAN FRANCISCO	McGowen 1 per 18	Washburn 26.8	Schickel 12
ST. LOUIS	White 1 per 34	2 with 10.4	Burcombe 39
PHILADELPHIA	DeLoach 1 per 24	McLach 17.1	2 with 38
MILWAUKEE	Austin 1 per 15	Stark 23.5	Shore 9
CINCINNATI	Robinson 1 per 23	Maloney 26.9	2 with 38
PITTSBURGH	Canderson 1 per 34	Fennell 12.1	2 with 38
CHICAGO	Berke 1 per 22	Phewer 24.2	2 with 38
INDIAN	Dalmon 1 per 35	2 with 15.5	Ging 20
NEW YORK	Snider 1 per 32		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	HITS	OFF	HR	OFF	HR	SO	OPP
DETROIT	5	3	61	50	6	6	32	27	
NEW YORK	4	2	77	70	4	3	27	34	
CLEVELAND	4	2	70	59	11	10	41	34	
BALTIMORE	4	2	72	51	6	6	27	32	
KANSAS CITY	4	4	79	74	10	10	36	20	
LOS ANGELES	3	3	61	61	6	6	32	27	
MINNESOTA	4	4	46	45	6	10	23	34	
CHICAGO	3	3	49	48	1	2	20	21	
WASHINGTON	3	3	50	50	7	5	32	29	
WASHINGTON	2	5	46	67	6	6	34	39	

THE SEASON*	W/L	PERCENTAGE OF TEAM WINS	MOST LOSSES
NEW YORK	Maida 1 per 34	Ford 22.0	Terry 13
CHICAGO	Schubert 1 per 30	Peters 31.4	Perkins 8
BALTIMORE	Killebrew 1 per 14	Proctor 22.9	Stigman 12
MINNESOTA	Forward 1 per 25	Berke 26.9	Roberts 16
ST. LOUIS	Ward 1 per 17	3 with 13.9	Kane 13
DETROIT	Shurt 1 per 35	Monahan 26.2	Wash 14
LOS ANGELES	Cash 1 per 18	Aguirre 29.3	Buchanan 13
KANSAS CITY	Wagner 1 per 28	McBride 23.7	Cheney 16
WASHINGTON	Subers 1 per 28	Wickham 17.5	Pena 19
WASHINGTON	King 1 per 17	Cheney 17.4	Peddy 18

*Through Saturday, August 24

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

VIVA VANDERBILT (CONT.)

Sirs:

For the past 25 years it has been my privilege to be a member of the Oregon State Racing Commission and, though I am now retired, I am still a member of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners and a member of the national committee on information and public relations.

The recently expressed opinions of Alfred Vanderbilt, presented by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (*Vanderbilt vs. Racing's Establishment*, Aug. 12), are exactly in accord with reports which I hope to help formulate for submission at the 1964 convention to be held in Chicago.

CHARLES A. HUNTINGTON

Eugene, Ore.

OLSEN'S AFRICA

Sirs:

Congratulations to Jack Olsen for an excellent article on the Tiger-Fullmer fight and the Nigerian way of life (*A Smile on the Face of the Tiger*, Aug. 19). Having spent last summer working at a school not far from Ibadan with a team of American students under the sponsorship of Operations Crossroads Africa, I can attest to the accuracy of his reporting. It was so easy to imagine myself driving along Mander Road again with my heart in my mouth as the mummy wagons hurtled by, or to recall the arguments and bargaining tactics that must be used in nearly every transaction if one is not to get fleeced.

It is refreshing to read an article about Africa that is concerned with the pleasures and activities of the people and does not dwell on the lack of modern material goods, low health standards, inadequate education or political instability. Too many Americans still think of Africa in terms of jungles, cannibal tribes and missionaries. Mr. Olsen's article has done a great deal in presenting a picture of what life in one part of Africa really is like.

VINCENT D. HOAGLAND JR.

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sirs:

The superbly written story of the Tiger-Fullmer fight earns the interesting item about Chief Johnson pouring a few drops of whiskey on the floor for his ancestors. This is a time-honored custom that antedates the Nigerians; in fact, it antedates the Romans. In the first book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, Dido, entertaining Aeneas and his fellow refugees from Troy, at dinner fills a cup (*patera*) with wine and pours out on the table an offering of the liquid: "et in arasum laetum libat harenum." The purpose of this is precisely that of the chief—an offering to ancestors.

We can be grateful to and for sports—in my view they are the only honest element left in society.

BERNARD MCCART

Milton, Mass.

OHIO PROVING GROUNDS

Sirs:

Your article on the largemouth bass (*This Is the Fish You Can't Catch Too Many Of*, Aug. 19) is 1) entertaining, 2) scientific, 3) informative, 4) correct in every detail, 5) hopelessly out of date.

The state of Ohio has known and practiced the theory of "too many fish rather than too few" for the last 10 years under the radical and highly unorthodox liberalized fishing plan where the angler may take any fish of any size at any time with a hook and line.

With all due respect to the erudite Dr. Bennett, we, here in Ohio, have watched the Ohio Division of Wildlife practice the elimination of stunted fish in overpopulated lakes for many years. To my knowledge, no other state in the Union has dared follow the lead of Ohio in this matter.

The Buckeye fishermen have enthusiastically supported liberalized fishing, and we can truthfully say that, after you buy a license in Ohio, the only job left for the game warden is to point out the nearest hot fishing spot and wish you well.

RICHARD A. MILLER

Dayton

Sirs:

For 20 years I have written an outdoor column for the local daily. That article on bass fishing is about the best thing I have ever read on that particular game fish. And it is timely—here, methods and all. Thank you, and applause to Robert H. Boyle.

GENE PRICE

Findlay, Ohio

BUG BITTEN

Sirs:

Loved your article on the VW (*The Beetle Does Floor*, Aug. 19), but you forgot to mention the most important reason for owning a Bug or Bus—the Bug is fun to drive and the Bus is fun to ride. Having just returned from a 1,000-mile trip in our Volkswagen Bus, we say you haven't lived until you've opened that sunroof and, from the back seat, looked up at the Golden Gate bridge or felt the fog sting your cheeks if you are brave enough to stick your neck out.

Although it's like mounting a horse to get into the Bus, and the windows don't open the right way for the collar to get a good sniff, we wouldn't trade our two Volkswagens for all the chrome in Flint.

Furthermore, sunroofs *absolutely* wave!

From the woman who has everything—four cats, one dog, six kids and Bus driver husband.

NORMA ALLARDIYCE

Los Altos, Calif.

Sirs:

About the Beetle. Why all the speculation by Walter Huston Horn on who owns the VW and why? It's simple. The New Breed want transportation, not status symbols. What is the best transportation available for the money? Well, it doesn't take an executive to figure it out (as Polk learned). And even the decreasing number of status-conscious car owners must come to the ultimate conclusion. There is only one car in the world that best answers the basic need of transportation—the Volkswagen.

Sure, I own a Bug. But I no longer have to defend its virtues. My friends don't ask me why I bought it. They know why. They're waiting for theirs.

What took me so long to decide that VW was the car for me? Truthfully, I don't know. Maybe I'm a slow learner. Maybe the unique advertisements. Or, then again, maybe I fell in love. My wife does admit a little jealousy.

BILL BROOKS JR.

Denver

Sirs:

I believe Mr. Horn overlooked the people attending college as a large group of Volkswagen owners. I think that most of us going to college now are thinking about the future more than the present, and the only way to attain those future goals is to live economically. It is tough to go to school and be married, with a family to support at the same time. Transportation is necessary, and it must be cheap.

KEN WOLFEIT

Athens, Ohio

Sirs:

Your article on the Volkswagen, its reputation and attributes, gave me, a Triumph TRJ owner, almost as much pleasure as it probably gave those one million VW owners.

I must take exception, however, to one indirectly related point. Sales facts notwithstanding, Mr. Horn's presupposition that the "spiffy" Karmann Ghia is a sports car remains quite inaccurate. The actual definition of a sports car would be very long and diverse (although not vague at all). But if there is one thing that will never be a sports car it is a Volkswagen or even a low-slung version of this very fine machine.

Sports car owners continue to salute each others' presence on the road, from the \$8,000 Jaguar to the slight Sprite. But, as a matter

continued

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The Gabriel Adjustomatic is the only shock absorber that can be pre-set to deliver the ride you want for the driving you actually do. Adjusts to a choice

of three ride-control ranges . . . It is, in effect, three shock absorbers in one.

Gabriel Load-Carriers, Gabriel Adjustomatics. Easily, inexpensively installed, they save springs . . . relieve undue pressures and strains throughout . . . add miles to a good car's life. Ask about them today.



THE GABRIEL COMPANY
Cleveland 15, Ohio

19TH HOLE continued

of fact, never has the driver of a Karmann Ghia been so misinformed as to brazenly include his VW in the sports car category by waving at my TR.

JOHN J. HENNESSY JR.

St. Louis

NOW READ?

Sirs:

Wait a minute! Let's take another look at the "dead" ball analyses that Tom Brody accepts so readily from the test lab (*Is the Ball Dead? Hitters Are Dying*, Aug. 12). Dropping the baseball from the relatively low height of 26 feet 8 inches does not necessarily prove anything—except that at that contact velocity the '61 ball bounced higher than the '63 ball. What really counts is the rate of rebound of the ball itself. This is not a constant, straight-line ratio for all contact velocities. For a true evaluation, the ball must strike the surface at a velocity the same, or very nearly the same, as would be the case if it were struck with the bat so that it will have a rebound velocity of 120 mph. To do this the ball must be dropped from a height of about 300 feet.

Most golfers know that they can drop two golf balls from three or four feet, and a known "deader," less expensive ball may frequently rebound as high as (sometimes higher than) a known top-pro fast ball. You simply cannot compare baseballs, golf balls, and, I suspect, tennis balls, for life or bounce in actual play by dropping them from very low (comparatively) heights.

F. V. PHILPOT

Millbrae, Calif.

UNIDENTICAL TWINS

Sirs:

May we commend you on the fine article on Ron VanderKelen *Life Accomplished but Dashing Dutchman*, Aug. 19). We are looking forward to a great year for the Minnesota Vikings with VanderKelen and Fran Tarkenton leading the way.

However, some of our members have commented on the statement where you indicate VanderKelen and Flanley "flew to Minneapolis." We in St. Paul feel this is an impossible thing to do if the trip was made by commercial airliner. The airport, Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport, is located in St. Paul. It carries a St. Paul ZIP code number, and the firms located there use the St. Paul return address.

Residents of both cities realize that this area could not have grown as strong as it has without full cooperation between them. We would prefer that you refer to someone flying to the Twin Cities or use the accurate title of the airport.

JOHN T. HAY

Executive vice-president

St. Paul Chamber of Commerce

St. Paul

YESTERDAY

Epitaph for a Horseplayer

by DAVID ALEXANDER

An obstinate legend gives Damon Runyon credit for first saying, "All horseplayers die broke." It could well have been said by some ancient philosopher who hung around the world's first racetrack. But Runyon always insisted that the author of the mournful truism was a friend of his: a gambler named E. Phocion Howard, who died broke himself to prove his point.

Runyon quoted the phrase often enough, for horseplayers were always dying broke in his Never Never Land of threadbare Broadway hustlers whose only reading was scratch sheets and the handwriting on the wall. The spirit, if not the letter, of the words is Runyonesque. And E. Phocion Howard came as close to being a Runyon character as could anyone in real life. The ones who get by nowadays as Runyonesque are merely a form of nature plagiarizing art, and critics who praise Runyon as realistic do an injustice to his gift for fantasy.

No one at Jacobs' Beach and the Long Island paddocks talked like that until Runyon's fiction gave them the idea. Then Broadway flowered with characters in too-tight collars, hand-painted neckties and hats a size too large, hoping they would be mistaken for Harry the Horse or Nicely-Nicely.

But fantasy, however far out, needs some connection with reality, and that was where oddities like E. Phocion Howard came in. His friends called him Phocce, and he was one of Damon Runyon's large retinue. Some thought of these oddities as camp followers, for they included from time to time paroled con men, punch-drunk pugs and unemployed toots.

But not all of Runyon's specimens were chosen for squalor. Some, like Phocce Howard, were strictly legitimate

continued

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"How did we ever live without it?"

Every family has experienced the thrill of buying something that instantly becomes part of their home. There are no doubts, no getting used to it. It's just perfect...as if it has had its place in the home for years. Any furniture or home furnishings you buy will take, and keep, its place beautifully in your home if it's a name brand and you know what the name stands for. A name brand means quality because the manufacturer stands behind the design, the materials, the workmanship of his merchandise. A name brand means confidence that you have made a good investment. A brand name means *pleasure*—the pleasant expectation when you buy an original and not some nameless copy... the pleasant excitement of seeing it fit perfectly into your home... the pleasant satisfaction of living with it for years.



BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC., 292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17

Horseplayer *continued*

citizens. Howard had begun life back in the 19th century as a Senate page boy. He was fond of the classics, and quotations from them rolled trippingly from his tongue at the slightest provocation. He was mainly known as editor and publisher of a weekly paper called the *New York Press* which was devoted to bettering the lot of the downtrodden horseplayer. In those days straitened times were not unknown to Phoebe's pillar of the turf, and often, when a payroll was only hours away, the editor-publisher would sit down at his battered Woodstock and bang out an editorial paean to some millionaire horseman who was prepared to express his appreciation in negotiable goods.

Phoebe never allowed his wardrobe to fall below 100 suits of clothes, although some of them might be decades out of fashion. He owned a Rolls-Royce that had been hand built during the days of Edward VII. His faithful retainer was a Negro called Chicken Fry Ben who served as cook, butler, bartender, valet, masseur, chauffeur and social secretary.

Phoebe was a dedicated and notoriously unlucky gambler. Spiritually, if not financially, he was of the breed of Bet-a-Million Gates, who would wager on the relative speed of raindrops crawling down a windowpane if no other hazard was handy at the moment. His favorite sports were horse racing and bucking old Tige, the latter a name given the game of faro because the decks traditionally bore the image of a rampant tiger on the case. For years Phoebe shared a house on Union Avenue with Runyon during the month of August when the meeting at Saratoga was being run.

On the last day of his life Phoebe won a bundle of several thousand dollars at the Saratoga track. His bankroll was seriously decimated before he even reached his Rolls-Royce in the parking lot, for he staked many deserving citizens who had heard rumors of his windfall. That night Phoebe went to a house of chance called Smith's and blew the rest of his liquid assets bucking old Tige.

When Chicken Fry Ben found his employer dead the next morning he searched the pockets of his trousers and brought forth a total of \$2.37.

Runyon suggested a fitting epitaph for Howard's tombstone but was overruled by relatives of the deceased. The epitaph Damon suggested, of course, was "All Horseplayers Die Broke." **END**



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